

Wit and Mirth:  
OR,  
P I L L S  
TO PURGE  
Melancholy:

BEING  
A Collection of the best known  
BALLADS and SONGS, Old and New,  
Fitted to all Humours, having each the  
proper TUNE for either Voice or Instru-  
ment, many of the SONGS being new.

---

With an Addition of Excellent POEMS.

---

He is the best Physician you will find,  
That thus to pleasing Mirth can fix your mind;  
That every Temper, every sort can please,  
With such variety of Songs as these.

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed by *Will. Pearson*, for *Henry Playford* at his  
Shop in the *Temple-Charge*, 1699.  
Price Bound, 2s. 6d.



Mens cujusque is est Quisque.



JOHN PETTUS CARUTIAE ANGL REGIB.  
A SECRETIS ADMIRALIA.

R.W. sculp.

# To all the Honest and Merry Souls in City or Country.

Gentlemen,

**T**His I entirely Dedicate to those who are honest Votary's to Bacchus (but not a word of Women.) You know, in Drinking, there needs a Pipe, to purge the troublesome Thoughts which intrude sometimes upon pleasant Tempers, and I now present you (I mean for your Money) a Pill which not only dilates the Spleen, but by a Glass being thus repeated to the merry God, and by repeating it twice a week, it will quicken your Spirits, drive you forwards to your just business, and raise you above the sordid thoughts of too much Care. I wish it may have these effects, which next to Money I'm sure it was intended for; but I am afraid you will find your interest much superiour to mine, which if you do, there will be a double duty upon you; first to satisfie your Physician, and afterwards to Recommend him to the rest of the World.

A 2

H. P.

## *The Stationer on the BOOK.*

**T**Here's no Purge 'gainst *Melancholy*,  
But with *Bacchus* to be jolly;  
All else are but Dregs of Folly.

*Paracelsus* wanted skill,  
When he fought to cure that Ill;  
No *Pectorals* like the *Poets* Quill.

Here are *Pills* of every sort,  
For the *Country*, *City*, *Court*,  
Compounded and made up of sport.

If 'gainst *Sleep*, and *Fumes* impure,  
Thou, thy *Senses* would'st secure,  
Take this, *Coffee's* not half so sure.

Wanteſt thou *Stomach* to thy *Meat*,  
And would'st fain restore the heat?  
This does it more than *Choccholet*.

Cures the *Spleen*, Revives the *Blood*,  
Puts thee in a merry Mood,  
Who can deny ſuch *Phyſick* good.

Nothing like to Harmleſs *Mirth*,  
'Tis a Cordial on earth,  
That gives *Society* a Birth.

Then be wiſe, and buy, not borrow,  
Keep an *Ounce* ſtill for to Morrow,  
Better than a pound of *Sorrow*.

H. P.

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Pills

## Pills to purge Melancholy.

*A true Relation of the dreadful Combat between  
More of More-Hall, and the Dragon of Want-  
ley.*



OLD Stories tell how *Hercules*  
A Dragon slew at *Lerna*,  
With seven Heads and fourteen Eyes  
To see and well discerna;  
But he had a Club  
This Dragon to drub,  
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye:  
But *More of More-Hall*,  
With nothing at all,  
He slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,  
 Each one upon each Shoulder,  
 With a sting in his Tayl  
 As long as a Flayl,  
 Which made him bolder and bolder.  
 He had long Claws,  
 And in his Jaws,  
 Four and forty Teeth of Iron,  
 With a Hide as Tough as any Buff,  
 Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not heard that the *Trojan Horse*,  
 Held seventy men in his Belly?  
 This Dragon was not quite so big,  
 But very near, I'll tell ye,  
 Devour did he,  
 Poor Children Three,  
 That could not with him grapple;  
 And at one Sup,  
 He eat them up,  
 As one should eat an Apple.

All sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,  
 Some say he'd eat up Trees,  
 And that the Forrest sure he would  
 Devour up by degrees.  
 For Houses and Churches  
 Were to him Gorse and Burches:  
 He eat all, and left none behind,  
 But some Stones, dear *Jack*,  
 Which he could not crack,  
 Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkshire* near fair *Rotheram*,  
 The Place I know it well,  
 Some two or three Miles, or thereabouts,  
 I vow I cannot tell;  
 But there is a Hedge,  
 Just on the Hill Edge,

And

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

5

And Matthew's House hard by it :  
Oh there and then,  
Was this Dragon's Den,  
You could not choose but spy it.

Some say this Dragon was a Witch ;  
Some say he was the Devil,  
For from his Nose, a smoke arose,  
And with it burning Snivil,  
Which he cast off,  
When he did Cough,  
In a Well, that he did stand by,  
Which made it look,  
Just like a Brook,  
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,  
Of whom all Towns did Ring ;  
For he could wrestle, play at Quarter-Staff,  
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,  
Call Son of Whore :  
Do any kind of thing ;  
By the Tail, and the Main,  
With his hands twain,  
He swong a Horse till he was dead,  
And that which was stranger,  
He for very Anger,  
Eat him all up but his Head.

These Children as I told being eat,  
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,  
Sighing and sobbing, came to his Lodging,  
And made a hideous Noyse.  
Oh save us all,  
*More of More-Hall,*  
Thou pearless Knight of these Woods ;  
Do but slay this Dragon,  
We won't leave us a Rag on,  
We'll give thee all our Goods.

And

B 2

Tut,



Tut, Tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,  
 But I want, I want insooth,  
 A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,  
 And smiles about the Mouth:  
 Hair as black as a Sloe,  
 Both above and below,  
 With a Blush her Cheeks adorning;  
 To 'noynt me o'er Night,  
 E're I go to fight,  
 And to dress me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage  
 To hew this Dragon down;  
 But first he went New Armour to  
 Bespeak, at *Sheffield* Town,  
 With Spikes all about,  
 Not within, but without,  
 Of Steel so sharp and strong,  
 Both behind and before,  
 Arms, Legs, all o'er,  
 Some five or six Inches long.

Had you but seen him in this Dress,  
 How fierce he look't, and big,  
 You would have thought him for to be  
 An Egyptian Porcu-Pig:  
 He frightened all,  
 Cats, Dogs, and all;  
 Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog,  
 For fear did flee,  
 For they took him to be  
 Some strange outlandish Hedghog.

To see this Fight, all People there  
 Got upon Trees and Houses,  
 On Churches some, and Chimneys too;  
 But they put on their Tiowzes,  
 Not to spoyl their Hose.  
 As soon as he rose,

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

5

To make him strong and mighty,  
He drank by the Tale,  
Six pots of Ale,  
And a Quart of *Aqua-vita*.

It is not Strength that always wins,  
For Wit doth Strength excel,  
Which made our cunning Champion  
Creep down into a Well,  
Where he did think  
This Dragon would drink,  
And so he did in Truth;  
And as he stoop't low,  
He rose up and cry'd boe,  
And hit him in the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,  
Thou that disturb'st me in my Drink,  
And then he turn'd and shit at him,  
Good lack how he did stink:  
Beswore thy Soul,  
Thy Body is foul,  
Thy Dung smells not like Balsam:  
Thou Son of a Whore,  
Thou stink'st so fore,  
Sure thy Dyet it is unwholesome.

Our Politick Knight, on the other side  
Crep't out upon the Brink,  
And gave the Dragon such a doubt,  
He knew not what to think:  
By Cock, quoth he,  
Say you so, do you see,  
And then at him he let flie;  
With Hand and with Foot,  
And so they went to't,  
And the Word it was, Hey Boys hey.

Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand.  
 Then to't they fell at all,  
 Like to Wild Bears, so fierce, I may  
 Compare great things with small :  
 Two Days and a Night,  
 With this Dragon did fight,  
 Our Champion on the Ground ;  
 Tho' their Strength it was great,  
 Yet their Skill it was neat,  
 They never had one Wound,

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,  
 The Dragon gave him such a knock,  
 Which made him to Reel,  
 And strait way he thought  
 To lift him as high as a Rock ;  
 And thence let him fall,  
 But *More of More-Hall*,  
 Like a valiant Son of *Mars* ;  
 As he came like a Lout,  
 So he turn'd him about,  
 And hit him a kick on the Arse.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,  
 And turn'd six times together,  
 Sobbing, and tearing, cursing and swearing  
 Out of his Throat of Leather,  
 Oh, thou Raskal,  
*More of More-Hall*,  
 Would I had seen you never,  
 With the Thing at thy Foot,  
 Thou hast prickt my Arse Gut,  
 Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd  
 Alack, alack, for Grief,  
 Had you but mist that Place, you could  
 Have done me no Mischief :  
 Then his Head he shak'd,  
 Trembled, and Quak'd

And

And down he laid, and cry'd :  
First on one Knee,  
Then on back, tumbled he,  
So groan'd, kick'd, shit, and dyed.

---

*The CLOAKS KNAVERY.*



Come buy my new Ballet,  
I have't in my Wallet,  
But 'twill not I fear please every Pallet,  
Then mark what ensu'th,  
I swear by my Youth,  
That every Line in my Ballad is truth :  
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,  
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.  
*'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown  
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and cripp'd the Crown.*

I'll tell you in brief,  
 A story of Grief,  
 Which happn'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:  
 It tore Common Prayers;  
 Imprison'd Lord Mayors,  
 In one day it voted down Prelates and Players;  
 It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,  
 And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.  
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,  
 That cramp't all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.*

It was a Black Cloke,  
 In good time be it spoke,  
 That kill'd many thousands, but never struck stroke:  
 With Hatchet and Rope,  
 The Forlorn Hope,  
 Did joyn with the Devil to pull down the Pope:  
 It set all the Sects in the City to work,  
 And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.  
*Then let us endeavour, &c.*

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,  
 Those fierce Demi-Gorgons;  
 It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs,  
 The Pulpits did smoak,  
 The Churches did Choak;  
 And all our Religion was turn to a Cloak:  
 It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read;  
 It set *Publick Faith* up, and pull'd down the Creed,  
*Then let us endeavour, &c.*

This pious impostor  
 Such fury did foster,  
 It left us no penny, nor no *Pater Noster*:  
 It threw to the Ground  
 Ten Commandments down,  
 And set up twice Twenty times ten of its own:  
 It routed the King, and Villains elected,  
 To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.  
*Then let us endeavour, &c.*

To blind People's Eyes.  
This Cloak was so wise,  
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise :  
Men brought in their Plate,  
For Reasons of State,  
And gave it to *Tom Trumpeter* and his Mate :  
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,  
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whittles.  
*Then let us endeavour, &c.*

In pulpits it moved,  
And was much approved,  
For crying out—*Fight the Lords Battels beloved :*  
It bobtayl'd the Gown,  
Put Prelacy down ;  
It trod on the Miter to reach at the Crown :  
And into the Field it an Army did bring,  
To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.  
*Then let us endeavour, &c.*

It raised up States,  
Whose politick Pates  
Did now keep their Quarters on the City Gates :  
To Father and Mother,  
To Sister and Brother,  
It gave a Commission to kill one another :  
It took up Men's Horses at very low Rates,  
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.  
*Then let us endeavour, &c.*

This Cloak did proceed  
To a damnable Deed,  
It made the best mirror of Majesty bleed :  
Though Cloak did not do't,  
He set it on Foot,  
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't :  
For never had come such a Bloody Disaster,  
If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his Master.  
*Then let us endeavour, &c.*

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

Though some of them went hence  
 By sorrowful Sentence,  
 This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance,  
 But he and his Men,  
 Twenty thousand times ten,  
 'Are plotting to do their Tricks over again :  
 But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop,  
 Or *DUN* will provide him a Button and Loop :  
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,*  
*That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.*

*Let's pray, that the King,*  
*And his Parliament,*  
*In Sacred and Secular Things may consent ;*  
*So Righteously firm,*  
*And Religiously free ;*  
*That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be.*  
*And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,*  
*One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us,*  
*Then Peace, Truth and Plenty our Kingdom will crown,*  
*And all Popish Plots and their Plotters shall down,*

---

*Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple-street.*  
*Being a Relation of the merry Pranks play'd on the*  
*River of Thames during the great Frost. Tune*  
*Packington's pound.*

Come listen a while ( tho' the weather be cold )  
 In your Pockets and Plackets your hands you may  
 I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare, hold.  
 Of a River turn'd into a Bartholomew-Fair ;  
 Since old Christmas last  
 There has been such a Frost,  
 That the Thames has by half the whole Nation been crost  
 Oh Scullers I pity your fate of extreams,  
 Each Land-man is now become free of the Thames.

'Tis



'Tis some *Lapland Acquaintance* of *Conjurer Oates*,  
That has ty'd up your hands and Imprison'd your *Boats*;  
You know he was ever a *Friend* to the *Crew*  
Of all that to *Admiral James* have been true.

Where *Skulls* did once *Row*

*Men* walk too and fro,

But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so.  
Should your hopes of a *Thaw* by this weather be crost,  
Your *Fortune* will soon be as hard as the *Frost*.

In *Roast-Beef* and *Brandy* much Money is spent,  
And *Booths* made of *Blankets* that pay no ground-rent;  
With old-fashion'd *Chimneys* the *Rooms* are secur'd,  
And the *Houses* from danger of *Fire* are ensur'd.

The chief place you meet

Is call'd *Temple-street*,

If you do not believe me, then you may go see't.  
From the *Temple* the *Students* do thither resort,  
Who were always great *Patrons* of *Revels* and *Sport*.

The *Citizen* comes with his *Daughter* or *Wife*,  
And swears he ne'er saw such a fight in his *Life*:  
The *Prentices* starv'd at home for want of *Coals*  
To catch them a *beat* do flock thither in *shoals*,

While the *Country Squire*

Does stand and admire,

At the wondrous conjunction of *Water* and *Fire*.  
Strait comes an arch *Wag*, a young *Son* of a *Whore*,  
And lays the *Squires head* where his *beels* were before.

The *Roterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting *Seats*,  
To pleasure the crowd shews his *tricks* and his *feats*;  
Who like a *Rope-dancer* (for his sharp *Steels*)  
His *Brains* and activity lie in his *Heels*.

Here all things like fate

Are in slippery state,

From the sole of the *Foot* to the crown of the *Pate*.  
While the *Rabble* in *Sledges* run giddily round,  
And nought but a circle of folly is found.

Here

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

Here *Damsels* are handled like *Nymphs* in the *Bath*,  
 By *Gentlemen-Ushers* with *Legs* like a *Lath*;  
 They *slide* to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*,  
 When the tottering *Fops* are scarce able to stand.

Then with fear and with care

They arrive at the *Fair*,  
 There *Wenches* sell *Glasses* and crackt *Earthen ware*;  
 To shew that the *World* and the pleasures it brings,  
 Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*;  
 One day went to treat his new rigg'd *Kitchen-stuff*,  
 Let slip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damsel* try'd  
 (As oft she had done in the *Country*) to slide,

In the way lay a stump,

That with a damn'd thump,

She broke both her *Shoe-strings* and cripl'd her *Rump*.  
 The heat of her *Buttocks* made such a great *thaw*,  
 She had like to have drowned the man of the *Law*.

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purse*,  
 I give you this *warning* for better or worse,  
 Be not there in *Moonshine*, pray take my advice,  
 For slippery things have been done on the *Ice*.

*Maids* there have been said

To lose *Maiden-head*,

And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to *Bed*.  
 If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too warm,  
 It is forty to one they had come to less harm.

*The praise of the Dairy-Maid, with a lick at the  
 Cream-Pot, or a Fading Rose. To the foregoing  
 Tune.*

LET Wine turn a *Spark*, and Ale huff like a *Hector*,  
 Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Jove* his rich *Nectar*.  
 Neither *Cider* nor *Sherry*,  
*Metbeglin* nor *Perry*,

Shall

Shall more make me *Drunk*, which the vulgar call *merry*;  
These *Drinks* o'er my *Fancy* no more shall prevail,  
But I'll take a full scoop at the merry *Milk-Pail*.

In praise of a *Dairy* I purpose to sing;  
But all things in order, first, *God save the King*,  
And the *Queen* I may say,  
That ev'ry *May-day*,

Has many fair *Dairy-Maids*, all fine and gay.  
Assist me, fair *Damsels*, to finish this Theme,  
And inspire my fancy with *Strawberries* and *Cream*.

The first of fair *Dairy-Maids*, if you'll believe,  
Was *Adam's* own Wife your Great-grandmother *Eve*;  
She milk'd many a Cow,  
As well she knew how,

Tho *Butter* was then not so cheap as 'tis now;  
She hoarded no *Butter* nor *Cheese* on a Shelf,  
For the *Butter* and *Cheese* in those days made it self.

In that age or time there was no damn'd *Money*,  
Yet the *Children* of *Israel* fed upon *Milk* and *Honey*:  
No *Queen* you could see  
Of the highest Degree,

But would milk the *Brown Cow* with the meanest she.  
Their *Lambs* gave them Cloathing, their *Cows* gave them  
In a plentiful Peace all their *Foys* were compleat. (Meat,

But now of the making of *Cheese* we shall treat,  
That *Nurser* of *Subjects*, bold *Britains* chief *Meat*.

When they first begin it,

To see how the *Rennet*

Begets the first *Curd*, you wou'd wonder what's in it.  
Then from the blew *wey*, when they put the *Curd*s by,  
They look just like *Amber*, or Clouds in the *Sky*.

Your *Turkey Sherbet* and *Arabian Tea*

Is Dish-water-stuff to a Dish of a new *Whey*;

For it cools Head and Brains,

Ill Vapours it drains,

And

And tho' your *Guts* rumble, 'twill ne'er hurt your *Brains*,  
*Court-Ladies* i'th' morning will drink a whole *Pottle*,  
 And send out their *Pages* with *Tankard* and *Bottle*.

Thou *Daughter* of *Milk*, and *Mother* of *Butter*,  
 Sweet *Cream* thy due praises how shall I utter?

For when at the best,

A things well express'd,

We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest*:

Had I been a *Mouse*, I believe in my *Soul*

I had long since been drowned in a *Cream-bowl*.

The *Elixir* of *Milk*, the *Dutch-mens* delight,  
 By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light;

But Oh, the soft stream

That remains of the *Cream*!

Old *Morpheus* ne'er tasted so sweet in a *Dream*:

It removes all *Obstructions*, depresses the *Spleen*,

And makes an old *Bawd* like a *Wench* of fifteen.

Amongst the rare *Virtues* that *Milk* does produce,  
 A thousand more *Dainties* are daily in use;

For a *Pudding* I'll tell ye,

E'er it goes in the *Belly*,

Must have both good *Milk* and the *Cream* and the *Jelly*:

For a dainty fine *Pudding* without *Cream* or *Milk*,

Is like a *Citizen's Wife* without *Satten* or *Silk*.

In the *Virtue* of *Milk* there's more to be muster'd,  
 The charming delights of *Cheese Cakes* and *Custard*;

For at *Tottenbam-Court*

You can have no *Sport*,

Unless you give *Custards* and *Cheese Cakes* for't:

And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to laugh,

Unless he hath got a great *Custard* to quaff.

Both *Pan-cakes* and *Fritters* of *Milk* have good store,

But a *Devonshire White-pot* requires much more.

No state you can think,

Tho' you study and wink,

From

ains.

From the lusty *Sack-posses* to poor *Posses-drink*,  
But *Milk's* the Ingredient, tho' *Sack's* ne'er the worse ;  
For 'tis *Sack* makes the Man, tho' *Milk* makes the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,  
A rich clouted Cream or a Goose-berry-Fool ;  
A Lady I heard tell,  
Not far off did dwell,  
Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well.  
Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,  
That from good natur'd women such Fools may be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cows teat in her hand,  
How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand,  
Then with a pleasure I rub,  
Yet impatient I scrub,  
When I think of the blessing of a Syllabub :  
Oh Dairy-maids, Milk-maids, such bliss ne'er oppose,  
If ee'r you'll be happy ; I speak under the Rose.

This Rose was a Maiden once of your Profession,  
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken possession ;  
At length it was said,  
That one Mr. Ed—mond  
Did both dig and sow in her Darsley-bed ;  
But the Fool for his labour deserves not a Rush,  
For grafting a Thistle upon a Rose bush.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,  
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all ;  
Mind well your Milk-pan,  
And ne'er touch a man,  
And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can.  
I am your wel-wisher, then listen to my word,  
And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

*The Old Mans wish.*

IF I live to grow old, (for I find I go down)  
 Let this be my Fate ; In a Countrey Town  
 Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,  
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate ;  
 May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway,  
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away ;  
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In a Countrey Town, by a murmuring Brook,  
 With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look ;  
 With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,  
 And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.  
 May I govern my Passion, &c.

With



With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more  
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before :  
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison or Teal,  
And clean (tho' course,) Linen at every Meal.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, and stout humming Liquor,  
And remnants of *Latin* to welcome the Vicar,  
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,  
To drink the Kings Health in, as oft as I Dine.  
*May I govern, &c.*

When the days are grown short, and it Freezes and Snows,  
May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Nose ;  
A Fire (which once stirr'd up with a Prong )  
Will keep the Room temperate all the night long.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last day,  
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,  
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,  
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow :  
*For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute sway,*  
*And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away*  
*Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.*

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*The Old Womans Wish. Tune The Old Mans Wish.*

When my hairs they grow hoary, & my cheeks they  
look pale, [fail ;  
When my forehead hath wrinkles, and my eye-sight doth  
Let my words both and actions be free from all harm,  
And have my old Husband to keep my back warm.  
*The Pleasures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,*  
*Our life's but a Vapour, our body's but Clay ;*  
*Oh let me live well, though I live but one day.*

With



With a Sermon on *Sunday*, and a Bible of good Print,  
 With a Pot o'er the fire, and good *Victuals* in't ;  
 With *Ale*, *Beer*, and *Brandy*, both *Winter* and *Summer*,  
 To drink to my Gossip and be pledg'd by my cummer.  
*The Pleasures, &c.*

With *Pigs*, and with *Poultry*, with some *Money* in store,  
 To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the poor :  
 With a Bottle of *Canary*, to drink without sin,  
 And to comfort my Daughter when that she lies In.  
*The Pleasures of Youth, &c.*

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at night.  
 With a Maid in the morning to rise when 'tis light ;  
 To do her work neatly, to obey my desire,  
 To make the house clean, and to blow up the Fire.  
*The Pleasures of Youth, &c.*

With Coals, and with Bayns, and a good warm Chair,  
 With a thick *Hood & Mantle*, when I ride on my Mare :  
 Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,  
 With a pair of Glass Eyes to clap on my Nose.  
*The Pleasures of Youth, &c.*

'And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,  
 Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay ;  
 When young she was chearful, no *Scold* nor no *Whore*  
 She helped her Neighbours, and gave to the Poor :  
 Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,  
 Though her life was a Vapour, that vanish'd away ;  
 She liv'd well and happy until the last day.

*The Old Womans Wish to the same Tune.*

**I**F I live to be old, which I never will own,  
 Let this be my Fortune in Countrey or Town;  
 Let me have a warm *Bit*, with two more in store,  
 And a lusty young Fellow to rub me before.  
*May I give to my Passion an absolute sway,*  
*Till with mumping & grunting my Breath's worn away*  
*Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.*

In a dry Chimny Nook with a *Rug* and warm cloths,  
 A swinging Coal-fire still under my Nose;  
 With a large Elbow Chair to sit at the Fire,  
 And a Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire.  
*May I give to my Passion, &c.*

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, with Custard and Plums,  
 When my Teeth are all out, for to ease my old Gums;  
 With a dram of the Bottle, each day a fresh quart,  
 Reserv'd in a corner to cheer up my heart.  
*May I give to my Passion, &c.*

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,  
 And to Sing *Chevy-Chase* o'er a pot of good Ale;  
 A *Snuff-box*, and short Pipe snug under the Range,  
 And a clean Flannel Shift as oft as I change,  
*May I give to my Passion, &c.*

Without *Palsy* or *Gout*, may I die in my chair,  
 And when dead, may my *Great, Great, Great Grandchild*,  
 She's gone who so long had cheated the *Devil*, [declare  
 And the world is well rid of a troublesom evil.  
*That gave to her Passion an absolute sway,*  
*Till with mumping and grunting her breath wore away,*  
*Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.*

*Tom and Doll, or the Modest Maids Delight, To  
an Excellent new Tune.*



**V**HEN the King had given a Dail full,  
 And the Sheep came bleating home,  
 Doll who knew it would be healthful,  
 Went a walking with young Tom:  
 Hand in hand Sir,  
 O're the Land Sir,  
 'As they walked to and fro.  
 Tom made jolly Love to Dolly,  
 But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, no, &c.

Faith says Tom, the time is fitting,  
 We shall never get the like;  
 You can never get from Knitting,  
 Whilst I'm Digging in the Dike:

Now

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

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To  
Now we're gone too,  
And alone too,  
No one by to see, or know ;  
Come, come, *Dolly* prithee shall I ?  
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,  
In what Snares you'd make, us fall,  
You'll get nothing but the folly,  
But I shall get the Devil and all ;  
Tom with Sobs,  
And some dry Bobs,  
Cry'd, *you're a Fool to argue so ;*  
Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I ? shall I ?  
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

To the Tavern then he took her,  
Wine to Love's a Friend confess,  
By the hand he often shook her,  
And drank Brimmers to the best, &c,  
Doll grew warm,  
And thought no harm ;  
Till after a brisk Pint or two,  
To what he said the silly Maid,  
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow  
In the Countrey or the Town,  
And began to grow so mellow,  
On the Couch he laid her down ;  
Tom came to her,  
For to woe her,  
Thinking this the time to try :  
Something past so kind at last,  
Her No was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

Now

Closely

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,

Lovers you know what I mean,

Nor could she hinder his Embraces,

Love was now too far got in;

Both now lying,

Panting, dying,

Calms succeed the Stormy Joy,

Tom would fain renew't again,

And she consents with *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

*The Winchester Wedding; or Ralph of Redding,  
and Black Bess of the Green.*



**A**T *Winchester* Was a Wedding,  
The like was never seen,  
Twixt lusty *Ralph of Redding*,  
And bonny black *Bess of the Green* :  
The Fiddlers were Crouding before,  
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen,

There

There was a hundred and more,  
For all the Countrey came in :  
Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* so fair,  
She lookt like a Lily o'th Vale,  
And Ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,  
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,  
He helpt her over the Stile,  
And swore there was none so pretty,  
In forty and forty long mile,  
*Kir* gave a Green Gown to *Betty*,  
And lent her his hand to rise,  
But *Fenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,  
For looking blew under the eyes :  
Thus merrily chatting all,  
They pass'd to the *Bride-house* along,  
With *Jonny* and prett-y-fac'd *Nanny*,  
The fairest of all the throng,

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,  
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,  
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,  
With Bak'd, and Roasted, and boy'd,  
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,  
For each had his Love by his side,  
But *Willy* was Melancholy,  
For he had a mind to the Bride.  
Then *Philip* begins her Health,  
And turns a Beer Glas on his thumb,  
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking,  
The best in *Christendom*.

And now they had Din'd, advancing  
Into the midst of the *Hall*,  
The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,  
And *Jeremy* led up the *Broll* :  
But *Margery* kept a quarter,  
A Lass that was proud of her pelf,

Cause *Arthur* had stoln her Garter,  
And swore he would tye it himself:  
She struggl'd and blusht, and frown'd,  
And ready with anger to cry,  
'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,  
Had slip'd his hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,  
The Bride away was led,  
The Bridegroom got Drunk, and was knocking  
For Candles to light 'em to Bed:  
But *Robin* that found him silly,  
Most friendly took him aside,  
The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,  
Was playing at *Hoopers-hide*;  
And now the warm *Game* begins,  
The *Critical minute* was come,  
And Chatting, & Billing, and Kissing,  
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,  
And blith as a Bird in the Spring,  
And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,  
And Wedded her with a *Rush Ring*:  
*Sukey* that Danc'd with the *Cushion*,  
An hour from the room had been gone,  
'And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,  
That some other Dance had been done;  
And thus of fifty fair Maids,  
That came to the Wedding with Men,  
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,  
That so did return again.



John Dory, made upon his Expedition into France.



**A**s it fell on a Holy-day,  
As it fell on a Holy-day,  
And upon a Holy-tide *a*,  
And upon a Holy-tide *a*.

And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come,  
A little before the Gate *a*;  
*John Dory* was fitted, the Porter was witted,  
To let him in thereat *a*.

The first Man that *John Dory* did meet,  
Was good king *John* of *France* *a*;  
*John Dory* could well of his courtesie,  
But fell down in a Trance *a*.

A Pardon, a Pardon, my Liege and my King;  
For my merry Men, and for me *a*;  
And all the Churls in merry *England*,  
I'll bring them all bound to thee *a*.

And *Nichol* was then a *Cornish* man,  
A little beside *Bobide* *a*;  
And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,  
With fifty good Oars on a side *a*.

Run up my Boy, unto the main Top,  
 And look what thou canst spy *a*;  
 Who ho! who ho! a goodly Ship I do see,  
 I trow it be *John Dory a*.

They hoist their Sails, both top and top,  
 The Meisein and all was try'd *a*;  
 And every Man stood to his Lot,  
 What ever should betide *a*.

The Roaring Cannons then were ply'd:  
 And Dub-a-dub went the Drum *a*;  
 The sounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,  
 To 'courage both all and some *a*.

The grappling Hooks were brought at length,  
 The brown Bill, and the Sword *a*,  
*John Dory* at length, for all his Strength,  
 Was clap'd fast under board *a*.

*A Second part of John Dory, to the same Tune. up-  
 on Sir John S—— Expedition into Scotland,  
 1639.*

**S**ir *John* got him an ambling Nag,  
 To *Scotland* for to ride *a*;  
 With a hundred Horse more than his own,  
 To guard him on each side *a*.

No arrant Knight e're went to fight,  
 With half so gay a *Serado*;  
 Had you seen but his Look, you'd a sworn on a Book,  
 He'd conquer'd a whole *Armado*.

The

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

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The Ladies run all to the windows to see,  
So noble and gallant a fight *a*;  
And as he rode by, they began to cry,  
Sir *John*! why will you go to fight *a*!

But he like a cruel knight rode on,  
His Heart would not relent *a*;  
For 'till he came there he shew'd no fear,  
Why then should he Repent *a*.

The King ( God blefs ) had singular hopes,  
Of him, and all his Troop *a*;  
The Bord'ers as they met him o'th' way,  
For joy did hollow and hoop *a*.

None lik'd him so well as his own Colonel,  
who took him for *John Du-mart* *a*;  
But when there were shews of Gunning and Blows,  
Sir *John* was nothing so pert *a*.

For when the *Scotch* Army came in fight,  
All men were prepared to fight *a*;  
He run to his Tent, and ask'd what they meant  
And swore he must needs go shite *a*.

His Colonel sent for him back again,  
To Quarter him in the Van *a*;  
But Sir *John* did swear, he came not there,  
To be kill'd the very first man *a*.

To cure his fear, he was sent i'th' Rear,  
Some ten miles back and more *a*;  
Where he fell to play at Tray-trip for Hey,  
And ne're saw the Enemy more *a*.

*The BLACK-SMITH.*

O F all the trades that ever I see,  
 There's none to a *Black-smith* compared may be,  
 With so many several tools works he.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The first that ever Tunder-bolt made,  
 Was a *Cyclops* of the *Black-smith's* trade;  
 As in a learned Author is said,  
*Which no body, &c.*

When Thundring-like we strike about,  
 The Fire like lightning flashes out,  
 Which suddenly with water we dout,  
*Which no body, &c.*

The Fairest Goddess in the Skies,  
 To marry with *Vulcan* did advise,  
 And he was a *Black-smith* grave and wise,  
*Which no body &c.*

*Vulcan* He to do her right,  
 Did build her a town by day and by Night,  
 And gave it a name which was *Hammer-smith* hight ;  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Vulcan* further did acquaint her,  
That a pretty Estate he would appoint her,  
And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter.  
*Which no body &c.*

And that no enemy might wrong her,  
He built her a fort you'd wish no stronger,  
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Smithfield* he did cleanse from Dirt,  
And sure there was great Reason for't.  
For their he meant she should keep her Court,  
*Which no body, &c.*

But after in a good time and tide,  
It was by the *Black-smith* rectifi'd,  
To the honour of *Edmond Iron-side* ;  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Vulcan* after made a train,  
Wherein the God of War was ta'n,  
Which ever since hath been call'd *Pauls-Chain* ;  
*Which no body, &c.*

The Common Proverb as it is read,  
That a man must hit the Nail on the head,  
Without the *Black-smith* cannot be said;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Another must not be forgot,  
And fall's unto the *Black-smiths* lot,  
That a man strike while the *Iron* is hot ;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Another comes in most proper and fit,  
The *Black-smiths* Justice is seen in it,  
When you give a man roast-meat and beat him with the  
*Which no body, &c.*

[spit ;  
A-

Another comes in our *Black-smiths* way,  
When things are safe, as old wives say,  
We have them under lock and key;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Another that's in the *Black-smiths* books,  
And only to him for remedy looks,  
Is when a man's quite off the hooks;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Another Proverb to him doth belong,  
And therefore let's do the *Black-smith* no wrong,  
When a man's held hard to it, buckle and thong;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,  
Wherein the *Black-smith* may challenge half,  
When a Reason's as plain as a Pike-staff;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,  
And by long pleading, a good Cause may mar,  
Yet your *Black-smith* takes more pains at the Barr;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Though your Scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,  
By his counterfeit deeds and thereby doth ill,  
Yet your *Black-smith* may forge what he will;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Though your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,  
And laugh at their creditors, and their catch-poles,  
Yet your *Black-smith* can fetch them over the coals;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Though *Fockey* in the stable be never so neat,  
To look to his Nag, and prescribe him his meat,  
Yet your *Black-smith* knows better how to give him a heat;  
*Which no body, &c.*

If any Taylor have the itch,  
The *Black-smiths* water as black as pitch,  
Will make his hands go thorough stich;  
*Which no body, &c.*

There's never a slut if filth o're smutch her,  
But owes to the *Black-smith* for her leacher,  
For without a pair of tongs there's no man would touch her;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Your Roaring boys who every one quails,  
Fights, domineers, swaggers and rails,  
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his Nails;  
*Which no body, &c.*

If a *Scholar* be in doubt,  
And cannot well bring his matter about,  
The *Black-smith* can Hammer it out;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Now if to know him you would desire,  
You must not Scorn but rank him higher,  
For what he gets is out of the fire;  
*Which no body, &c.*

Now here's a good health to *Black-smiths*-all,  
And let it go round as round as a ball;  
We'll drink it all off, though it cost us a fall,  
*Which no body, &c.*



*The BREWER. To the Tune of the Black-smiths.*

**T**Here's many Clinching verse is made,  
In honour of the *Black-smiths* trade,  
But more of the *Brewer* may be said ;  
*which no body can deny.*

I need not much of this repeat,  
The *Black-smith* cannot be compleat,  
Unless the *Brewer* do give him a heat ;  
*which no body can deny.*

When Smug unto the Forge doth come,  
Unless the *Brewer* doth liquor him home,  
He'll never strike, my pot, and thy pot, Tom ;  
*which no body can deny.*

Of all professions in the town,  
The *Brewers* trade hath gain'd renown,  
His liquor reacheth up to the Crown ;  
*which no body can deny.*

Many new Lord from him there did spring,  
Of all the trades he still was their King,  
For the *Brewer* had the world in a sling ;  
*which no body can deny.*

He scorneth all laws and Marshal stops,  
But whips an Army as round as tops ;  
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops ;  
*which no body can deny.*

He dives for Riches down to the bottom,  
And cries my Masters, when he has got'em,  
Let every tub stand upon his own bottom ;  
*which no body can deny.*

In warlike acts he scorns to stoop,  
For when his army begins to droop,  
He draws them up as round as a hoop;  
*which no body can deny.*

The Jewish Scot that scorns to Eat,  
The flesh of Swine, and brewers beat,  
'Twas the sight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat;  
*which no body can deny.*

Poor Fockey and his basket hilt,  
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,  
And their bodies like barrels did run a tilt,  
*which no body can deny.*

Though Femmy gave the first assault,  
The Brewer at last made him to halt,  
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt;  
*which no body can deny.*

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle,  
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,  
For his Nose and Copper were both of one metal,  
*which no body can deny.*

Some Christian Kings began to quake,  
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make;  
We'll let him alone, as he brews let him bake;  
*which no body can deny.*

He hath a strong and very stout heart,  
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,  
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart;  
*which no body can deny.*

If any intended to do him disgrace,  
His fury would take off his head in the place,  
He always did carry his Furnace in his face;  
*which no body can deny.*

But yet by the way you must understand,  
He kept his Foes so under command,  
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand ;  
*which no body can deny.*

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag ;  
But now he is hurried away with a hag,  
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag ;  
*which no body can deny.*

And now may all stout Souldiers say,  
Farewell the glory of the day,  
For the Brewer himself is turn'd to clay ;  
*which no body can deny.*

Thus fell the brave Brewer the bold son of slaughter,  
We need not to fear, what shall follow after,  
For he dealt all his time in fire and water,  
*which no body can deny.*

And if his successor had had but his might,  
Then we had not bin in a pitiful plight,  
But he was found many grains too light ;  
*which no body can deny.*

Let's leave off singing, and drink off our bub,  
We'll call up a Reck'ning, and every man club ;  
For I think I have told you a tale of a tub ;  
*which no body can deny.*

*The Infallible Doctor.*



**F**rom *France*, from *Spain*, from *Rome* I come,  
And from all Parts of *Christendom*,  
For to cure all strange Diseases,  
Come take physick he that pleases:  
Come ye broken Maids that scatter,  
And can never hold your water,  
I can teach you it to keep;  
And other things are very meet,  
As, Groaning backward in your sleep.

Come any ugly dirty Whore,  
That is at least Threescore, or more,  
Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,  
As if you'd fear to pass her by;  
I can make her plump and young,  
Lusty, lively, and also strong;  
Honest, active, fit to wed,  
And can recall her Maiden-head:  
All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,  
 That makes him weary of his Life,  
 With Scolding, yoleing in the house,  
 As tho' the Devil was turned loose;  
 Let him but repair to me,  
 I can cure her presently:  
     With one Pill I'll make her civil,  
     And rid her Husband of that Evil.  
     Or send her headlong to the Devil.

The pox, the palsey, and the Gout,  
 Pains within, and Achs without,  
 There is no Disease but I  
 Can find a present Remedy:  
 Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,  
 Are the easiest Wounds I cure:  
     Nay more then that I will maintain,  
     Break your Neck, I'll set it again,  
     Or ask you nothing for my pain,

Or if any Man has not,  
 The heart to fight against the *Scot*,  
 I'll put him in one, if he be willing,  
 Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing:  
 Or any man that has been dead  
 Seven long years and buried;  
     I can him to Life restore,  
     And make him as sound as he was before,  
     Else never let him trust me more.

If any Man desire to live  
 A thousand Ages, let him give  
 Me a thousand Pounds, and I  
 Will warrant him Life, unless he dye;  
 Nay more, I'll teach him a better trick,  
 Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick:  
     But if I no Mony see,  
     And he with Diseases troubled be,  
     Then he may thank himself, not me.

A SONG made on the Downfall, or pulling down,  
of Charing-Cross, An. Dom. 1642.



U Ndone! undone! the Lawyers are,  
They wander about the Town,  
And cannot find the way to *Westminster*,  
Now *Charing-Cross* is down:  
At the end of the *Strand* they make a stand,  
Swearing they are at a loss;  
And chafing say, That's not the way,  
They must go by *Charing-Cross*.

The Parliament to Vote it down,  
Conceiv'd it very fitting,  
For fear't should fall and kill 'em all,  
I'th' House as they were sitting;  
They were inform'd 't had such a Plot,  
Which made'em so hard hearted,  
To give expresse Command, it should be,  
Taken down and carted.

Men talk of Plots, this might been worse,  
 For any thing I know,  
 Than that *Tomkins*, and *Chalenour*,  
 Was hang'd for long ago :  
 But as our Parliament from that,  
 Themselves strangely defended ;  
 So still they do discover Plots,  
 Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman, nor Child,  
 Will say I'm confident,  
 They ever heard it speak one word  
 Against the Parliament :  
 T' had Letters about it some, say,  
 Or else it had been freed ;  
 Fore-God I'll take my Oath, that it,  
 Could neither write nor read.

The Committee said, Verily,  
 To Popery 'twas bent,  
 For ought I know it might be so,  
 For to Church it never went :  
 What with Excise, and other loss,  
 The Kingdom doth begin,  
 To think you'll leave 'em ne'er a Cross,  
 Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should,  
 Of it have taken pity,  
 'Cause good old Cross, it always stood,  
 So strongly to the City :  
 Since Crosses you so much disdain,  
 Faith if I was as you,  
 For fear the King should Rule again,  
 I'd pull down *Tyburn* too.



*TOM a BEDLAM.*

**F**Orth from my sad and darksome Cell,  
From the deep abyss of Hell,  
Mad *Tom* is come to view the world again,  
To see if he can ease his distemper'd brain.

Fear and Despair possess my Soul ;  
Hark how the angry Furies howl ;  
*Pluto* laughs, and *Proserpine* is glad,  
To see poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day  
To find my troubled Senses,  
At last I found old *Time*,  
With his Pentateuch of Tenses.

When he me spies, a way he flies,  
For *Time* will stay for no man ;  
In vain with cries I rend the Skies,  
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie,  
Oh help, o help or else I die ;  
Hark I hear *Apollo's* Team,  
The Carman 'gins to whistle ;  
Chast *Diana* bends her bow,  
And the Bore begins to bristle.

Come *Vulcan* with tools and with tackles,  
And knock off my troublesome Shackles ;  
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,  
To fetch my five Senses again.

Last night I heard the Dog-Stark bark,  
*Mars* met *Venus* in the dark ;

Lymping *Vulcan* heat an Iron bar,  
And furiously run at the god of War.

*Mars* with his weapon laid about,  
Lymping *Vulcan* had the gout,  
For his broad Horns hung so in his light,  
That he could not see to aim aright.

*Mercury* the nimble Post of heaven,  
Stay'd to see the Quarrel,  
Gorrel belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrid,  
A Strong-beer barrel:

To me he drank, I did him thank,  
But I could drink no Sider;  
He drank whole Buts till he burst his guts  
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,  
A little drink for Charitie:  
Hark; I hear *Alceon's* hounds,  
The Hunts-man whoops and Hallows;  
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,  
All the Chace doth follow.

The man in the Moon drinks Clarret,  
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnep and Carret:  
But a Cup of old *Malago* Sack,  
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

*A SONG made on the Power of Women. To  
the Tune of the Blacksmith.*

**W**ill you give me leave, and I'll tell you a Story,  
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye,  
It shall do you more good than ten of *John Dory*;  
Which no body can deny.

Tis no Story of *Robin hood*, nor of his Bow-men,  
I mean to demonstrate the Power of Women,  
It is a Subject that's very common;  
Which no body, &c.

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,  
And in spite of Criticks give you my Narration,  
For Women now are all in fashion;  
Which no body, &c.

Then pray give me Advice as much as you may,  
For of all things that ever yet bore sway,  
A Woman beareth the Bell away;  
Which no body, &c.

The greatest Courage that ever yet rul'd,  
Was baffled by Fortune, tho' ne'er so well school'd,  
But this of the Women can never be cool'd;  
Which no body, &c.

I wonder from whence this Power did spring,  
Or who the Devil first set up this thing,  
That spares neither Peasant, Prince, nor King!  
Which no body, &c.

Their Scepter doth Rule from *Cesar* to *Rustick*,  
From finical *Kit*, to the Soldier so lustick;  
In fine, it rules all, tho' ne'er so Robustick:  
Which no body, &c.

For

For where he is that writes himself Man,  
That ever saw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*,  
But his Eyes turn'd Pimp, and his Heart trapan ?  
Which no body, &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam's* Race'  
Tho' ne'er so holy a Brother of Grace,  
If he met a loose Sister, but he wou'd embrace ;  
Which no body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,  
Whose Desires were hot, tho' their Nature's cold,  
But in this kind of Pleasure they commonly roul'd ;  
Which no body, &c.

First *Aristotle*, that jolly old fellow  
Wrote much of *Venus*, but little of *Bellow*,  
Which shew'd, he lov'd a Wench that was mellow ;  
Which no body, &c.

From whence do you think he derived his Study,  
Produc'd all his Problems, a Subject so muddy ?  
Twas playing with her—at Cuddle my Cuddy ;  
Which no body, &c.

The next in order, is *Socrates* grave,  
Who triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge, yet gave  
His Heart to *Aspasia*, and became her Slave ;  
Which no body, &c.

*Demosthenes* to *Corinth* he took a Voyage,  
We shall scarce know the like on't, in thy Age, or my Age  
And all was for a *Modicum Pyage* ;  
Which no body, &c.

The *Proverb* in him a whit did not fail,  
For he had those things which make Men prevail,  
A Sweet Tooth, and a Liquorice Tayl ;  
Which no body, &c.

*Lycurgus* and *Solon* was both Law-makers,  
And no Men I'm sure are such wiseacres,  
To think that themselves would not be partakers;  
Which no body, &c.

An Edict they made with Approbation,  
If the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation,  
He might take another for Procreation;  
Which no body, &c.

If the Wife found coming in short,  
The same Law did right her upon her Report,  
Whereby you may now, they were Lovers o'th' Sport;  
Which no body, &c.

And now let us view the State of a King,  
Who is tho' ught to have the World in a String,  
By a Woman is captivated; poor thing!  
Which no body, &c.

*Alexander* the Great, who conquered all,  
And wept because the World was so small,  
In the Queen of the *Amazon's* pit did fall;  
Which no body, &c.

*Antonius* and *Nero*, and *Caligula*,  
Were *Rome's* Tormenters by night and by day,  
Yet Women beat them at their own Play;  
Which no body, &c.

## A SONG on the Victory over the Turks.



**H** Ark the thundring *Cannons* roar.  
 Echoing from the *German* shore,  
 And the joyful *News* comes o'er ;  
 The *Turks* are all confounded ?  
*Lorrain* comes, they run, they run ;  
 Charge your *Horse* thro' the grand *half-moon*,  
 We'll *quarter* give to none,  
 Since *Staremburg* is wounded.

Close your *Ranks*, and each brave *Soul*,  
 Take a lusty flowing *Bowl*,  
 A grand *Carouse* to th' *Royal Pole*,  
 The *Empires* brave *Defender* ;  
 No man leave his post by *stealth*,  
 Plunder the *Grand Visers* wealth,  
 But drink a *Helmet* full to th' *Health*  
 Of the second *Alexander*.

*Makomet* was a sober Dog,  
A *Small-Beer* drouzy senseless *Rogue*,  
The *Juice* of the *Grape* so much in vogue  
To forbid to those Adore him ;  
Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,  
Given 'em leave to carouze in *Wine*,  
The *Turk* had safely Past the *Rhine*,  
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they sought in vain,  
Hopeless Vict'ry to obtain,  
Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein;  
Success must needs attend him ;  
Our *Brains* ( like our *Canons* ) warm,  
With often Firing feels no harm,  
While the sober sot flies the *Alarm*,  
No *Lawrel* can befriend him.

*Christians* thus with *Conquest* Crown'd,  
*Conquest* with the *Glass* goes round,  
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground,  
Against the force of *Claret* :  
Whilst we give them thus the Foil,  
And the *pagan Troops* Recoil,  
The Valiant *Poles* divide the Spoil,  
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,  
But the most *Christian Turks* at home,  
Watching the fate of *Christendom*,  
But all his hopes are shallow ;  
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,  
Let *English Caesar* now advance,  
And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,  
He's a Whig that will not follow.



## A SONG.



WE be Souldiers three,  
*Pardonna moy je vous an pree,*  
 Lately come forth of the low country,  
 With never a penny of money.  
*Fa la la la lantido dilly.*

Here Good fellow I drink to thee,  
*Pardonna moy je vous an pree :*  
 To all good Fellows where ever they be,  
 With never a penny of money.  
*Fa la la la lantido dilly.*

And he that will not pledge me this,  
*Pardonna moy je vous an pree :*  
 Pays for the shot what ever it is,  
 With never a penny of money.  
*Fa la la la lantido dilly.*

Charge it again boy, charge it again,  
*Pardonna moy je vous an pree :*  
 As long as there is any ink in thy pen,  
 With never a penny of money.  
*Fa la la la lantido dilly.*

A SONG.



**M**artin said to his man,  
 Fie man, fie,  
**O** Martin said to his man,  
 Who's the fool now?  
 Martin said to his man fill thou the cup,  
 And I the can,  
 Thou hast well drunken man,  
 Who's the fool now?

I see a sheep shearing corn,  
 Fie man fie:  
 I see a sheep shearing corn,  
 Who's the fool now:  
 I see a sheep shearing corn,  
 And a cuckold blow his horn.  
 Thou hast well drunken man,  
 Who's the fool now?

I see a man in the Moon,  
Fie man, fie:

I see a man in the Moon,  
Who's the fool now?

I see a man in the Moon,  
Clowting of Saint *Peters* shoon,  
Thou hast well drunken man,  
Who's the fool now?

I see a hare chase a hound,  
Fie man, fie:

I see a hare chase a hound,  
Who's the fool now?

I see a hare chase a hound,  
Twenty mile above the ground,  
Thou hast well drunken man,  
Who's the fool now?

I see a goose ring a hogg,  
Fie man fie:

I see a goose ring a hogg,  
Who's the fool now?

I see a goose ring a hogg,  
And snail that did bite a dogg,  
Thou hast well drunken man,  
Who's the fool now?

I see a mouse catch the cat,  
Fie man fie:

I see a mouse catch the cat,  
Who's the fool now?

I see a mouse catch the cat,  
And the cheese eat the rat,  
Thou hast well drunken man,  
Who's the fool now?

A SONG.



**W** Ho liveth so merry in all this land,  
As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand;  
And ever she singeth as I can guess,  
Will you buy any sand any sand, Mistress?

The Broom-man maketh his living most sweet,  
With carrying of Brooms from street to street;  
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,  
Than all the day long to do nothing but sing.

The Chimny-sweeper all the long day,  
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:  
Yet when he comes home although he be weary,  
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The Cobler he sits cobling till noon,  
And cobleth his shooes till they be done;  
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,  
For he knows his works will soon decay.

The Merchant-man doth sail on the seas,  
And lie on the ship-board with little ease:  
Always in doubt the rock is near,  
How can he be merry and make good chear?

The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,  
And when he comes home he serveth his sow;  
He moileth and toileth all the long year,  
How can he be merry and make good chear?

The Serving-man waiteth from street to street,  
With blowing his nails and beating his feet:  
And serveth for forty shillings a year,  
That 'tis impossible to make good chear.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,  
As those that be of the poorest sort?  
The poorest sort wheresoever they be,  
They gather together by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,  
What makes such a shot among a great many?

A SONG.



**W**illy, prethee go to bed,  
 For thou wilt have a drowfie head,  
 To morrow we must a hunting,  
 And betimes be stirring,  
 With a hey trolly loly, loly, loly, &c.  
 Hey ho tro lo, lo, lo, ly, ly, lo.

It is like to be fair weather,  
 Couple up all thy hounds together:  
 Couple *Folly* with little *Folly*,  
 Couple *Trole* with old *Trolly*,  
 With a hey tro ly lo, lo ly,  
 Tro ly lo, ly lo.

Couple *Finch* with black *Trole*,  
 Couple *Chaunter* with *Fumbole*:  
 Let *Beauty* go at liberty,  
 For she doth know her duty;  
 With a hey, &c.

D 2

Let

Let *Merry* go loose it makes no matter,  
 For *Cleanly* sometimes she will clatter,  
 And yet I am sure she will not fray,  
 But keep with us still all the day.  
 With a hey, &c.

With O masters and wot you where,  
 This other day I start a Hair?  
 On what call hill upon the knole,  
 And there she started before *Trole*.  
 With a hey, &c.

And down she went the common dale,  
 With all the hounds at her tail;  
 With yaffe a yaffe, yaffe yaffe,  
 Hey *Trol*, hey *Chaunter*, hey *Fumbole*.  
 With a hey, &c.

See how *Chooper* chopps it in,  
 And so doth *Gallant* now begin;  
 Look how *Trole* begins to tattle,  
 Tarry a while ye shall hear him prattle.  
 With a hey, &c.

For *Beauty* begins to wag her tail,  
 Of *Cleanly*'s help we shall not fail;  
 And *Chaunter* opens very well,  
 But *Merry* she doth bear the bell.  
 With a hey, &c.

Go prick the path, and down the laune;  
 She useth still her old train;  
 She is gone to what call wood,  
 Where we are like to do no good.  
 With hey tro ly lo, ly lo,  
 tro ly lo, &c.



A SONG.



**Y**onder comes a courteous Knight,  
 Lustily raking over the lay,  
 He was well ware of a bonny las,  
 As she came wandering over the way,  
 Then she Sang down a down,  
 Hey down deiry ; then she, &c.

*Jove* you speed fair lady he said,  
 Amongst the leaves that be so green ;  
 If I were a King and wore a Crown,  
 Full soon fair lady should'st thou be a Queen,  
 Then she sang, down, &c.

Also *Jove* save you fair lady,  
 Among the Roses that be so red ;  
 If I have not my will of you,  
 Full soon fair lady shall I be dead.  
 Then she sang, &c.

Then he look't East, then he look't West,  
 He look't North, so did he South :  
 He could not find a privy place,  
 For all lay in the Devils mouth.  
 Then she sang, &c.

If you will carry me, gentle fir,  
A maid unto my fathers hall;  
Then you shall have your will of me,  
Under purple and under paul.  
Then she sang, &c.

He set her upon a Steed,  
And himself upon another;  
And all the day he rode her by,  
As though they had been sister and brother.  
Then she sang, &c.

When she came to her fathers hall,  
It was well walled round about;  
She yode in at the wicket gate,  
And shut the four ear'd fool without.  
Then she sang, &c.

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,  
Among the corn amidst the hay;  
Where you might had your will of me,  
For, in good faith fir I never said nay.  
Then she sang, &c.

Ye had me also amid the field,  
Among the rushes that were so brown;  
Where you might had your will of me,  
But you had not the face to lay me down.  
Then she sang, &c.

He pulled out his nut-brown sword,  
And wip'd the rust off with his sleeve;  
And said; *Jove's* curse come to his heart  
That any woman would believe.  
Then she sang, &c.

When you have your own true love,  
A mile or twain out of the town,  
Spare not for her gay clothing,  
But lay her body flat on the ground.  
Then she sang, &c.

*The Country-Man's Ramble through Bartholomew-fair.*

**A** Dzooks ches went the other day to London-town,  
     In *Smithfield* such gazing,  
     Zuch thrusting and squeezing,  
     Was never known,

A Zitty of Wood, some Volk do call it *Bartledom-Fair*,  
 But ches zure nought but Kings and Queens live there.

In *Gold* and *Silver*, *Zilk* and *Velvet* each was drest,  
     a Lord in his Zattin,  
     Was buffy preating,  
     amongst the rest.

But one in *Blue Jacket* came, which some do *Andrew* call  
 Adsheart talk'd woundy wittily to them all.

At last, *Cutzooks*, he made such sport, I laugh'd aloud  
     The Rogue, being fluster'd,  
     He flung me a Custerd,  
     amidst the Croud.

The Volk vell a laughing at me ; then the *Vezen* zaid,  
*Bezure* Ralph, give it to Doll the *Darry* maid,

I *swallowed* the affront, but staid no longer there ;

I thrust and I scrambled,

*Till* further I rambled,

into the Fair. (were all at work,

Where *Trumpets* and *Bagpipes*, *Kettledrums*, *Fidlers*,

And the *Cooks* zung, *Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.*

I look'd around to zee the Wonders of the Vair,

Where Lads and Lasses,

With Pudding-bag-arses,

Zo nimble were ;

Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turned about,

Old Nick zure was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundly *pleas'd* I up & down the Vair did range

To zee the vine *Varies*,

*Play all their Vagaries* ;.

I vow 'twas strange

I ask'd them a loud, *What Country little Volk they were ?*

A cross brat answered me *Che were Cuckold-shire.*

I thrust and shov'd *along* as well as e're I could,

at last did I grovel,

Into a dark Hovel,

Where Drink was sold ; (adlheart

They brought me Cans, which cost a penny apiece,

I'm zure *twelve ne're could vil* a Country-quart.

Che went to draw her Purse, to pay them for their beer,

The *Devil* a Penny,

Was left of my Money,

Che'll vow and zwear. (doors :

They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me out of

Adswounds, *Ralph*, did ever see zuch Roughts & Whores.

*The Prodigals Resolution, or, my Father was born before me.*



**I** am a lusty Lively lad,  
 Now come to one and twenty,  
 My Father left me all he had,  
 Both Gold and Silver plenty :  
 Now He's in Grave I will be brave,  
 The Ladies shall adore me ;  
 I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this ?  
 My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a Thrifty Sir,  
 Till Soul and body sundred,  
 Some say he was an Usurer,  
 For thirty in the Hundred :  
 He scrapd and scratcht, she pinchd and patcht,  
 That in her body bore me ;  
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,  
 My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his duty done,  
 In getting so much Treasure,  
 I'll be as dutifull a Son  
 For spending it in Pleasure;  
 Five pound a quart, shall chear my heart,  
 Such Nectar will restore me,  
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,  
 My Father was born before me.

My Gran'um liv'd at *Washington*,  
 My Grandfir delv'd in Ditches,  
 The Son of old *John Thrasbington*,  
 Whose Lanthorn Leathern Breeches,  
 Cry'd, whether go ye? whether go ye?  
 Though Men do now adore me,  
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,  
 Nor who was born before me.

My Gran'sir striv'd and wiv'd and thriv'd,  
 Till he did Riches gather,  
 And when he had much wealth atchiev'd,  
 Oh then he got my Father,  
 Of happy memory cry I,  
 That ere his Mother bore him,  
 I ne'er had been worth one penny  
 Had I been born before him.

To Freeschool, *Cambridge*, and *Grays-Inn*,  
 My gray-coat Granfir put him,  
 Till to forget he did begin  
 The Leathern Breech that got him;  
 One dealt in Straw, th'other in Law,  
 The one did ditch and delve it,  
 My Father store of Sattin wore,  
 My Granfir beggars Velvet.

So I get Wealth what care I if  
 My Granfir were a sawyer,  
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,  
 And subtil learned Lawyer:

By *Cooks Reports*, and tricks in Courts,  
He did with Treasure store me,  
That I may say, Heavens blest the day  
My Father was born before me.

Some say of late a Merchant that  
Had gotten store of Riches,  
In's Dining-room hung up his Hat,  
His staff and leathern Breeches;  
His stockings gartred up with straw,  
E'er providence did store him;  
His son was Sheriff of London, cause  
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,  
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,  
At first did spring from Butter-milk,  
Their Ancestors worth nothing;  
Old *Adam* and our Grandam *Eve*  
By digging and by spinning,  
Did to all Kings and Princes give,  
Their Radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,  
Though selfish yet was slavish,  
I'll spend it at another rate,  
And be as lewdly lavish;  
From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves, he did  
Litigiously receive it;  
If so he did, Justice forbid,  
But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses and Tennis Court,  
I'll prove a Noble Fellow,  
I'll Court my Doxies to the sport  
Of o'brave *Punchinello*;  
I'll Drink and Drab, I'll Dice and stab,  
No *Hector* shall out-Rore me;  
If teachers tell me tales of Hell,  
My Father is gone before me.



Our Aged Councillors would have  
 Us live by Rule and Reason,  
 Cause they are marching to their Grave  
 And pleasure's out of season:  
 I'll learn to Dance the Mode of *France*,  
 That Ladies may adore me;  
 My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had,  
 Though he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus* sport,  
 Doth Revel it in Plenty,  
 I'll deal with all both great and small,  
 From Twelve to Five and Twenty;  
 In Play-houses I'll spend my days,  
 For they're hung round with Plackets;  
 Ladies make Room, behold I come,  
 Have at your Knocking Jackets.

---

*A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.*



**A**S I walk'd forth one Summers day,  
 To view the Medows green and gay,  
 A pleasant Bower I espied,  
 Standing fast by a river side;

And

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

61

And in't a Maiden I heard cry,  
Alas! Alas! there's none e're lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow did she walk,  
Catching each flower by the stalk;  
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,  
The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Herb all blew,  
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,  
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents  
She bound about with knotty Bents,  
And as she bound them up in Bands  
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,  
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,  
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full  
Of such green things as she could cull,  
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed  
The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:  
Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;  
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

---

*Lovers Drollery.*



I Love thee for thy Fickleness,  
And great Inconstancy;  
For had'st thou been a constant Lass,  
Then thou had'st ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Wantonness,  
 And for thy Drollery;  
 For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,  
 Then thou had'st ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy poverty,  
 And for thy want of Coyn;  
 For if thou hadst been worth a Groat,  
 Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy Uglyness,  
 And for thy foolery;  
 For if thou had'st been fair or wise,  
 Then thou had'st ne'er lov'd me,

Then let me have thy heart a while,  
 And thou shall have my mony;  
 I'll part with all the wealth I have,  
 T'enjoy a Lafs so Bonney.

*Loves Bachinall.*

**L** Ay that sullen Garland by thee,  
Keep it for th' Elizium shades;  
Take my wreath of lusty Ivy,  
Not of that faint Mirtle made.

When I see thy soul descending,  
To that cold unfertile Plain;  
Of sad fools the Lake attending,  
Thou shalt wear this Crown again.

*Cho.*

Now drink wine, and know the ods,  
'Twixt that *Letbe*, 'twixt that *Letbe*,  
'Twixt that *Letbe*, and the Gods.

Rouse thy dull and drowsie spirits,  
Here's the soul reviving streams,  
The stupid Lovers brain inherits,  
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Think not thou these dismall trances,  
Which our raptures can content,  
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,  
Shall come soonest to his end.

*Cho.*

Sadness may some pity move,  
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,  
Mirth and courage conquers love.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,  
Ope those vainly crossed arms;  
Thou mayst as well call back the buried  
As raise Love by such like charms.

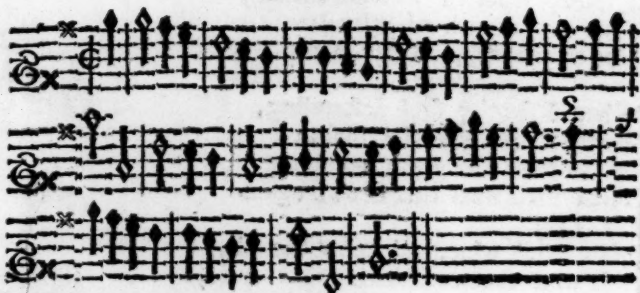
Sacrifice a glass of Claret  
To each letter of her name;  
Gods have oft descended for it,  
Mortals must do more the same.

*Cho.*

If she comes not at that flood,  
Sleep will come, sleep will come,  
Sleep will come, and that's as good.

SONG.

## SONG.

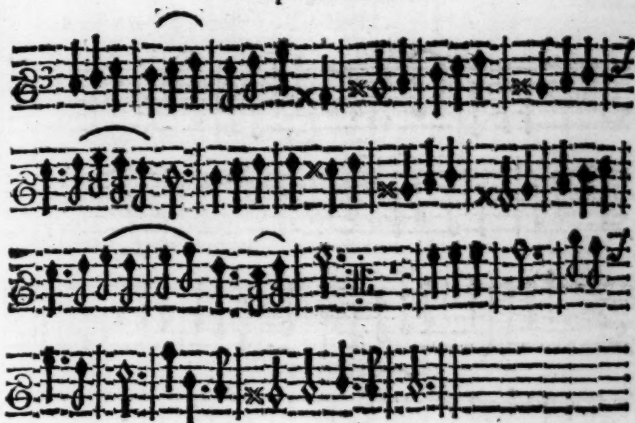


**H**OW Happy's the mortal,  
 That live's by his Mill,  
 That depends on his own,  
     Not on Fortunes Wheel ;  
 By the flight of his hand,  
     And the strength of his back,  
 How merrily, how merrily,  
     His Mill goes *Clack, Clack, Clack.*  
     *How, &c.*

If his Wife proves a Scold,  
     As too often 'tis seen,  
 For she may be a Scold,  
     Sing God blefs the Queen ;  
 With his hand to the Mill,  
     And his shoulder to the Sack,  
 He drowns all the discord,  
     In his musical *Clack, Clack, Clack.*  
     *He, &c.*

O'er your Wives and your Daughters,  
     He often prevails,  
 By sticking a Cog of a Foot  
     In their tails ;  
 Whilst the Hoydan so willingly,  
     He laies upon her back,  
 And all the while he sticks it in,  
     The Stones cry *Clack, Clack, Clack.*  
     *And, &c.*

*Reciprocal Love.*

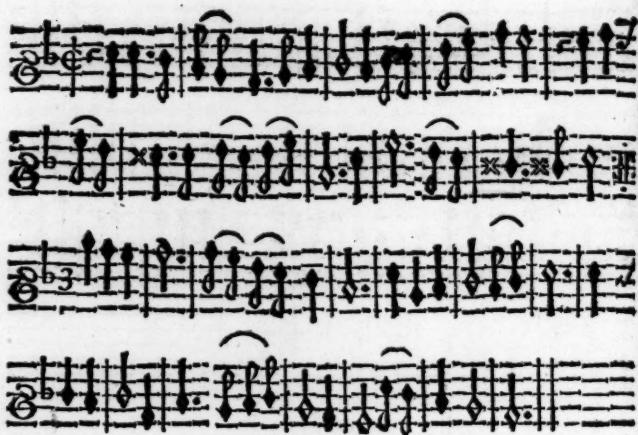


I Love a Lass, but cannot show it,  
 I keep a fire that burns with-in,  
 Rak'd up in embers: Ah could she know it,  
 I might perhaps be lov'd again:  
 For a true love may justly call,  
 For friendship love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,  
 A sigh by whispering in her ear,  
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,  
 By dropping on her breast a tear,  
 Or two, or more; the hardest flint,  
 By often drops receives a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,  
 That is already too, too weak;  
 No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,  
 By writing what they cannot speak:  
 Go then my Muse, and let this Verse  
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

*Power.*

*Power of Love.*

**S**ince love hath in thine and mine Eye,  
 Kindled a holy flame,  
 What pity 'twere to let it die,  
 What sin to quench the same?  
 The stars that seem extinct by day,  
 Disclose their flames at night,  
 And in a fable sense convey,  
 Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear  
 Are shut or turn'd aside,  
 Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear  
 Of being heard or spy'd.  
 What though our Bodies cannot meet  
 Loves fuels more divine;  
 The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,  
 And yet they never joyn.



Falſe Meteors that do change their place,  
Though they ſhine fair and bright;  
Yet when they covet to embrace,  
Fall down and loſe their light.  
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte  
The flame of our deſire,  
No Veſtal ſhall maintain more chaſte,  
Or more immortal fire.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,  
Come light thine Eyes at mine;  
And when I feel mine waſt away,  
I'll take new fire from thine.

---

*The Tinker.*

**H**E that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,  
Let him leave other Loves,  
And come liſten to me;  
Though he travels all the day,  
He comes home late at night,  
And Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey,  
And Dreams of Delight.

His Pot and his Toaſt in the Morning he takes,  
All the day long good Muſick he makes;  
He wanders the world to Wakes, and to Fairs,  
And caſts his Cap, and caſts his Cap,  
At the Court and her Cares.  
When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come,  
O! how the wanton Wenches run:

Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bowls,  
All Wenches pray him to ſtop up their holes;  
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer;  
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,  
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,  
The merry, merry *Tinker*,  
O! he is the Man of Metle.

## A SONG.



**I**N the merry month of *May*,  
 On a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walk'd the Wood so wide,  
 When as *May* was in her pride;  
 There I spy'd all alone, all alone,  
*Philida* and *Coridon*.

Much adoe there was, God wot,  
 He did love, but she could not;  
 He said his love was to woo,  
 She said none was false to you;  
 He said, he had lov'd her long,  
 She said love should take no wrong.

*Coridon* would have kist her then,  
 She said maids must kisse no men,  
 Till they kisse for good and all;  
 Then she bad the Shepherd call  
 All the Gods to witnefs truth,  
 Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.

Then

Then with many a pretty Oath,  
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;  
Such as filly Shepherds use  
When they would not love abuse;  
Love which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Phyllida* with Garlands gay  
Was Crowned the Lady May.

---

*Cassandra in Mourning.*



**A** Wake my Lute, arise my String,  
And to my sad *Cassandra* sing;  
Like the old Poets,  
When the Moon had put her Sable Mourning on,  
Aloud they sounded with a merry strain,  
Until her brightness was restor'd again.

Too

Too well I know from whence proceeds  
 Thy wearing of these Mourning weeds;  
 In cruel flames for thee I burn,  
 And thou for me do'st therefore mourn.  
 So fits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,  
 Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

Wear other Virgins what they will !  
*Cassandra* loves her Mourning still :  
 Thus the milky way so white  
 Is never seen but in the Night ;  
 The Son himself, although so bright he seem,  
 Is black as are the *Moors* that worship him.

But tell me thou deformed Cloud,  
 How dar'st thou such a Body shroud ?  
 So *Satyres* with black hideous Face,  
 Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace :  
 That Mourning e'er should hide such glorious Maids,  
 Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

Her Words are Oracles, and come  
 (Like those) from out some dark'ned room :  
 And her Breath proves that Spices do  
 Only in Scorched Countries grow :  
 If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears ;  
 Though all o'er black, at Lips She Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy  
 As she in *Vulcan's* arms did lie ;  
 Such is *Cassandra* and her Shroud :  
 She looks like Snow within a Cloud :  
 Melt then, and yield ! throw off thy mourning Pall !  
 Thou never can'st look white, until thou Fall.

Amyntor Distracted Complains.



I Had a *Cloris* my Delight,  
 Hey down, Hey down,  
 With Hair as brown as Berries;  
 Her Cheeks like Roses red and white,  
 Her Lips more sweet than Cherries.

Though lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,  
 Hey down, hey down,  
 Like brightest Day that shin'd;  
 And Hills of Snow upon her Breast,  
 Made me and all men blind.

She was so sweet, so kind, so free,  
 Hey down, hey down,  
 To kifs, to sport, and play;  
 But all this was with none but me,  
 So envy 'tself will say.

She fed her flock on yonder Plain,  
 Hey down, hey down,  
 'Tis wither'd now and dry;  
 How can *Amyntor* longer live,  
 When such things for her die?

Her

Her wandring Kids look in my face,  
Hey down, hey down,  
And with Dumb Tears Express  
The want of *Cloris*, my True Love,  
And their kind Shepherdess.

She lov'd me without fraud or guile,  
Hey down, hey down,  
But not for flocks or treasure;  
And I was happy all the while,  
But now woe worth all pleasure.

When she liv'd I went fine and gay,  
Hey down, hey down,  
With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;  
But now I am (as Shepherds say)  
The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are those pretty Garlands now,  
Hey down, hey down,  
Of Ivy and of Bays,  
Which *Cloris* platted on my Brow  
For Singing in her praise?

With naked Legs and Arms I go,  
Hey down, hey down,  
For why the Clothes I wore,  
With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many more,  
Upon her Grave lie tore.

For woe is me I should be warm,  
Hey down, hey down,  
Or any Comfort have,  
As long as my dear *Cloris* lies  
So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather sticks and make a fire,  
Hey down, hey down;  
To warm her where she lies,  
Of Mirtles, Cypress and Sweet-Bryer,  
And then prehaps she'll rise.

*To young Virgins, A SONG.*



**V**irgins, if e'er at length it prove,  
 My Destiny to be, to be in Love,  
 Pray wish me such a Fate:  
 May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,  
 And may a little decent Pride,  
 My Actions regulate.



☿ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,  
Pray wish me such a Fate.

Such Stateliness I mean, as may  
Keep Nauseous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,  
But still oblige the Wife:  
That may secure my Modesty,  
And Guardian to my Honour be,  
When Passion does arise.

☿ Virgins, if e'er I am in love, &c.

When first a Lover I Commence,  
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense,  
And Learned Education:  
May all his Courtship easie be,  
Neither too formal, nor too free,  
But wisely shew his Passion.

☿ Virgins, &c.

May his Estate agree with mine,  
That nothing look like a Design,  
To bring us into Sorrow:  
Grant me all this that I have said,  
And willingly I'll lie a Maid  
No longer than to morrow.

☿ Virgins, &c.

## A SONG.



**T**He Sun had loos'd his weary Team,  
 And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;  
 Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptune's* Stream,  
 His *Thetis* was embracing:  
 The Stars tripp'd into the Firmament,  
 Like Milkmaids on a *May-day*;  
 Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent,  
 Or School-boys on a Play-day.

Apace came on the gray-ey'd Morn,  
 The Herds in Fields were lowing;  
 And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,  
 The Ploughman's Cock sate crowing:  
 When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,  
 Was wak'd by a bawling Rout, Sir;  
 For *Cissy* told him, he needs must rise,  
 His *fuggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,  
 At the tapping a good Ale Firkin ;  
 As *Roger* Hosen and Shoon had found,  
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin :  
 Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,  
 With Pillion on Buttock right, Sir,  
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,  
 To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

Up, up, dear Mother, then *Roger* cries,  
 The Fruit of my Labour's now come ;  
 In *Fuggy's* Belly it sprawling lies,  
 And cannot get out 'till you come.  
 I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'er doubt,  
 Thy *Fug* shall be well again, Boy ;  
 I'll get the Urchin as safely out,  
 As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now Bustles with all her feet,  
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting ;  
 At last into the good House they get,  
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling :  
 A female Chit so small was born,  
 They put it into a Flagon ;  
 And must be christen'd that very Morn',  
 For fear it should die a *Pagan*.

Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,  
 As great as the Prince of *Condy* ;  
 The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,  
 But they will grow larger one day :  
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs lie close,  
 And little as any Spider ;  
 They will, when up to her Teens she grows,  
 By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,  
 The Gossips were void of shame too ;  
 In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,  
 Demands the Infant's Name too,

Some

Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,  
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint ;  
For she would have it *Cunicula*,  
'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't,

Thus *Cunny* of *Winchester* was known,  
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover* ;  
And highly rated in *London Town*,  
And courted the Kingdom over :  
The Charms of *Cunny* by Sea and Land,  
Subdues each human Creature ;  
And will our stubborn Hearts command,  
Whilst there is a Man in Nature.

A SONG.



**F**our and Twenty *Fidlers* all in a row,  
And there was Fidle, fidle, and twice Fidle, fidle ;  
'Cause 'twas my Lady's Birth day,  
Therefore we kept Holy-day,  
And all went to be Merry.

Four and twenty *Drummers* all in a row,  
And there was Tan tarra rara, tan, tan tarra rara,  
rara, rara rar, there was Rub, &c,

Four and twenty *Tabers* and *Pipers* all in a row,  
And there was whif and Dub, and tan tarra rara, &c.

Four and twenty *Women* all in a row,  
And there was 'Tittle Tattle, and twice Prittle Prattle ;  
And Whif and Dub, &c.

Four and twenty *Singing-men* all in a row,  
And there was Fa la, la, la, la ; Fa la, la, la, la, la ;  
And there was Title, &c.

Four and twenty *Fencing-masters* all in a row,  
And this and that and down to the Legs clap, Sir,  
And cut'um off, And Fa, &c.

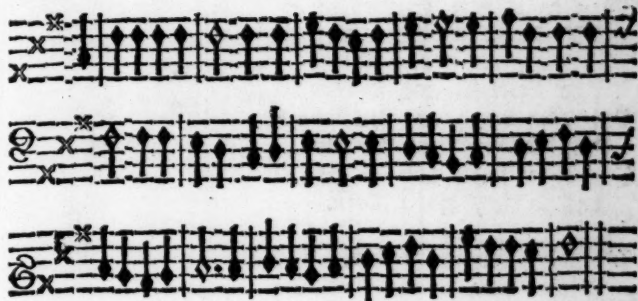
Four and twenty *Lawyers* all in a row,  
And there was *Omne Quod exit in um damno sed  
Plus Damno Decorum*, and there was this and that &c.

Four and twenty *Vintners* all in a row,  
And there was *Rare Claret* and *White*, I ne'er drunk  
worse in my life, and Excellent good *Canary* drawn off  
the Lees of *Sberry*, if you do not like it,  
*Omne Quod*, &c.

Four and twenty *Parliament Men* all in a row,  
And there was Loyalty and Reason without a word  
of Treason, and there was rare *Claret*, &c.

Four and twenty *Dutch-men* all in a row,  
And there was *Alter Malter Van tor Dyken Skapen Kopen  
de Hague, Van Rottuyck, Van-tonstuck de Brille, Van Boerst-  
yck Van Foerstuck and Soartrag Van Hogan Herien-Van-  
Donck, Rare Claret and White*, &c.

A SONG.



A Beggar got a Beadle,  
 And a Beadle got a Yeoman ;  
 A Yeoman got a Prentice,  
 And a Prentice got a Free-man :  
 The Free-man got a Master,  
 The Master got a Lease ;  
 The Lease made him a Gentle-man,  
 And Justice of the Peace.

The Justice being Rich,  
 And Gallant in desire ;  
 He Marry'd with a Lady,  
 And so he got a Squire :  
 The Squire got a Knight,  
 Of courage Bold and Stout ;  
 The Knight he got a Lord,  
 And so it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl,  
 His Country he forsook ;  
 He Travell'd into *Spain*,  
 And there he got a Duke :

The Duke he got a Prince,  
The Prince a King of hope;  
The King he got an Emperor,  
The Emperor got a Pope.

Thus as it was feigned,  
The Pedigree did run;  
The Pope he got a *Fryer*,  
The *Fryer* he got a *Nun*:  
The *Nun* by chance did stumble,  
And on her back she sunk,  
The *Fryer* fell a top of her,  
And so they got a *Monk*.

The *Monk* he had a Son,  
With whom he did Inhabit;  
Who when the Father died,  
The Son became Lord *Abbot*:  
Lord *Abbot* had a Maid,  
And he catch't her in the dark;  
And something he did to her,  
And so begot a *Clark*.

The *Clark* he got a *Sexton*,  
The *Sexton* a digger;  
The *Digger* got a *Preband*,  
The *Preband* got a *Vicar*;  
The *Vicar* go an *Attorney*,  
The Which he took't in snuff;  
The *Attorney* got a *Barrister*,  
The *Barrister* got a ruff.

The *Ruff* did get good Counsell,  
Good Counsell got a Fee;  
The Fee did get a Motion,  
That it might Pleased be:  
The Motion got a Judgment,  
And so it came to pass;  
A Beggars Bratt, a Scolding Knave,  
A Crafty Lawyer was,



A New BALDAD upon a Wedding.



**T**He Sleeping *Thames* one morn I cross'd,  
 By two contending *Charons* toft;  
     I landed and I found,  
 By one of *Neptune's* jugling Tricks,  
 Enchanted *Thames* was turn'd to *Styx*,  
     *Lambeth* th' *Elysian* Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of the Day,  
 To make himself more fresh and gay,  
     Had spent five Hours, and more ;  
 Scarce had he comb'd and curl'd his Hare,  
 When out there comes a brighter Fair,  
     Eclips'd him o'er and o'er.

The dazl'd Boy wou'd have retir'd,  
 But durst not because he was hir'd

To light the purblind Skies :  
 But all on Earth will swear and say,  
 They saw no other Sun that Day,  
 Nor Heav'n but in her Eyes.

Her starry Eyes both warm and shine,  
 And her dark Brows do them enshrine,  
 Like Love's Triumphal Arch :  
 Their Firmament is Red and White,  
 Whilst the other Heav'n is but bedight,  
 With *Indigo* and *Starob*.

Her Face a Civil War had bred,  
 Betwixt the White Rose and the Red :  
 Then Troops of Blushes came,  
 And charg'd the White with Might and main,  
 But stoutly were repuls'd again,  
 Retreating back with Shame,

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight ;  
 It lasted dubious untill Night,  
 Which wou'd to th' other yield :  
 At last the Armies both stood still,  
 And left the Bridegroom at his Will,  
 The Pillage of the Field.

But oh such Spoils ! which, to compare,  
 A Throne is but a rotten Chair,  
 And Scepters are but Sticks :  
 The Crown it self, 'twere but a Bonnet,  
 If her Possession lay upon it,  
 What Prince wou'd not here fix ?

Heav'n's Master-piece, Divinest frame,  
 That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,  
 Rich Nature's utmost Stage ;  
 The Harvest of all former years,  
 The past's disgrace, the future's fears,  
 And Glory of this Age.

Thus

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

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Thus to the Parson's Shop they trade,  
And a slight Bargain there is made,  
To make Him her Supreme:  
The Angels pearch'd about her Light,  
And Saints themselves had Appetite,  
But I will not blaspheme.

The parson did his Conscience ask,  
If He were fit for such a Task,  
And cou'd perform his Duty?  
Then straight the Man put on the Ring,  
The Emblem of another Thing,  
When Strength is joyn'd to Beauty.

A modest Cloud her Face invades,  
And wraps it up in Sarsnet Shades,  
While thus they mingle hands;  
And then She was oblig'd to say,  
Those Bugbear Words, Love and Obey,  
But meant her own Commands.

The envious Maids lookt round about,  
To see what One wou'd take them out,  
To terminate their Pains;  
For tho' they Covet, and are Cross,  
Yet still they value more one Loss,  
Than many thousand Gains.

Knights of the Garter two were call'd,  
Knights of the Shooe-string two install'd,  
And all were bound by Oath,  
No further than the Knee to pass;  
But oh! the Squire of the Body was  
A better Place than both.

A tedious Feast protracts the time,  
For eating now was but a crime,

And

And all that interpos'd ;  
 For like two Duellists they stood,  
 Panting for one anothers Blood,  
 And longing till they clos'd.

Then came the Jovial Musick in,  
 And many a merry *Violin*,  
 That Life and Soul of Legs :  
 Th' impatient Bridegroom wou'd not stay ;  
 Good Sir, cry'd they, what Man can play,  
 Till he's wound up his peggs ?

But then he dances till he reels,  
 For Love and Joy had wing'd his Heels,  
 And puts the Hours to flight :  
 He leapt and Skipt, and seem'd to say,  
 Come Boys I'll drive away the Day,  
 And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride with murd'ring Arts,  
 Walks round, and brandishes her Darts,  
 To give the deeper Wound :  
 Her beauteous Fabrick with such grace,  
 Ensnares a Heart at every pace,  
 And kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no ground,  
 And flily draws her Nets around,  
 Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses :  
 Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,  
 And strikes each Lover in a Trance,  
 That Arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,  
 Daring of Larks over a Green,  
 His fierce occasion tarry ;  
 Dances about them as they fly,  
 And gives them sport before they die,  
 Then stoops and kills the Quarry.

Her

Her Sweat like Honey-drops did fall,  
And Stings of Beauty pierc'd us all,  
Her Shape was so exact:  
Of Wax she seem'd fram'd alive;  
But had her Gown too been a Hive,  
How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus Envious Time prolong'd the Day,  
And stretcht the prologue to the Play,  
Long stopt the sluggish Watch:  
At last a Voice came from above,  
Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,  
To consummate the Match.

But (as if Heav'n wou'd it retard)  
A Banquet comes like the Night-Guard,  
Which stay'd them half the Night:  
The Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd;  
The Train was laying to be fir'd,  
He went his Match to light.

When he return'd, his Hopes were crown'd,  
An Angel in the Bed he found,  
So glorious was her Face:  
Amaz'd he stopt—but then, quoth He,  
Tho' tis an Angel, 'tis a She,  
And leap'd into his place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,  
Bless'd with a thousand pleasing Charms,  
In Raptures of Delight;  
Reaping at once, and sowing Joys,  
For Beauty's Manna never cloyes,  
Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, sure was no more,  
Than that which had been done before,  
When She her self was made;  
Something was lost, which none found out,  
And He that had it cou'd not shew't,  
Sure 'tis a Jugling trade.

## A SONG:



**P***Hillis* at first seem'd much afraid,  
much afraid, much afraid,  
Yet when I kiss'd, she soon repay'd:  
Could you but see, could you but see,  
What I did more, you'd envy me,  
What I did more, you'd envy me,  
You'd envy me.

We then so sweetly were employ'd,  
The height of Pleasure we enjoy'd;  
Could you but see, could you but see,  
You'd say so too if you saw me,  
You'd say so too if you saw me,  
If you saw me.

She was so Charming, Kind, and Free,  
None ever could more Happy be;

Could

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

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Could you but see, could you but see,  
Where I was then you'd wish to be,  
Where I was then you'd wish to be,  
You'd wish to be.

All the Delights we did express,  
Yet craving more still to possess :  
Could you but see, could you but see,  
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me ?  
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me ;  
Why was't not me ?

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,  
She can inform what we did do ;  
But cou'd you see, but cou'd you see,  
You'd cry aloud, The next is me ;  
You'd cry aloud, The next is me,  
The next is me.

---

*A S O N G.*







**T**O Horſe, brave Boys of *Newmarket*, To Horſe,  
 You'll loſe the Match by longer delaying ;  
 The Gelding juſt now was led over the Courſe,  
 I think the Devil's in you for ſtaying :  
 Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,  
 Bets may recover all loſt at the Groom-Porters,  
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,  
 Take the odds, and then you'll be rich ;

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride,  
 And hold a thouſand Pounds of his ſide, Sir :  
*Dragon* would ſcower it, but *Dragon* grows old ;  
 He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,  
 As lately he could :  
 Age, Age, does hinder the Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come on, and ſee,  
 See the Horſe lead the way ſtill ;  
 Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,  
 Five hundred Pounds upon the Brown Bay ſtill :  
 Pox on the Devil, I fear we have loſt,  
 For the Dog, the *Blew Bonnet*, has run it,  
 A Plague light upon it,  
 The wrong ſide the Poſt ;  
 Odfzounds, was ever ſuch Fortune ?

A SONG.

*He.*

*She.*

CHORUS.

*John.* Come *fug*, my Honey, let's to bed,  
 It is no Sin, in we are wed;  
 For when I am near thee by desire,  
 I burn like any Coal of Fire.

*Fug.*

*Fug.* To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,  
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;  
All Night within my Arms shalt be,  
And rise each Morn' as fresh as he.

**CHO.** *Come on then, and couple together,  
Come all, the Old and the Young,  
The Short and the Tall;  
The richer than Cræsus,  
And poorer than Job,  
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,  
That Peoples the Globe.*

*John.* My Heart and all's at thy Command;  
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,  
Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,  
I think, my *Fug.* is Wealth enow.

*Fug.* A Wheel, six Platters, and a Spoon,  
A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon;  
My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall  
And something under best of all.

**Chor.** *Come on then, &c.*

### A SONG.



From twelve years old, I oft have been told,  
A Pudding it was a delicate bit,  
I can remember my Mother has said,  
what a delight she had to be fed,  
*with a Pudding.*

Thirteen being past, I long'd for to tast  
What Nature or Art could make it so sweet,  
For many gay Lasses about my age,  
Perpetually speak on't, that puts me in a rage  
*For a Pudding.*

Now at Fifteen I often have seen  
Most Maids to admire it so,  
That their humour and Pride is to say  
O what a delight they have for to play  
*with a Pudding.*

When I am among some wives that are young,  
Who think they shall never give it due praise,  
It is sweet, It is good, It is pleasant still  
They cry, they think they shall ne'er have their fill  
*Of a Pudding.*

The greater sort of the Town and the Court,  
When met, their tongues being tip't with Wine,  
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,  
To tell how they ended and how they begun  
*with a Pudding.*

Some antient Wives, who most of their lives,  
Have daily tasted of the like food,  
Now for want of supplies do swear and grumble,  
That still they're able enough to mumble  
*A Pudding.*

Now, now I find, cat will to kind  
Since all my heart and blood is on fire,  
I am resolv'd what ever comes on't,  
My Fancy no longer shall suffer the want  
*Of a Pudding.*

For I'll to *John* who says he has one,  
 That's cram'd as close as a Cracker or Squib,  
 Who ever is telling me when we do meet,  
 Of the wishing desires and sweetness they get  
*In a Pudding.*

I thought at first, It never would burst,  
 It was as hard as grissel or bone,  
 But by the rouling and trowling about,  
 How kindly and sweetly the Marrow flew out  
*Of his Pudding.*

Well, since I ne'er, was fed with such geer,  
 Untill my *John* did prove so kind,  
 I made a request to prepare again,  
 That I might continue in Love with the strain  
*Of his Pudding.*

Then fraight he brought, what I little thought,  
 Could ever have been in its former plight,  
 He rumbl'd and jumbled me ore and ore,  
 Till I found he had almost wasted the store  
*Of his Pudding.*

Then the other mess, I begg'd him to dress,  
 Which by my Assistance was brought to pass,  
 But by his dulness and moving so slow,  
 I quickly perceiv'd the stuffing grew low  
*In his Pudding.*

Though he grew cold, my Stomach did hold,  
 With vigor to relish the other bit,  
 But all he could do could not furnish agen,  
 For he swore he had left little more than the skin  
*Of his Pudding.*

*A New SONG, upon the Robin-red-breasts's  
attending Queen Mary's Hearse in Westminster Abby.*



**A**LL You that lov'd our Queen alive,  
Now dead, lament her fate;  
And take a walk to *Westminster*,  
To see her lie in State.

Amongst all other Glorious sights,  
A wonder you may see,  
A Bird, or something like a Bird,  
Attend her Majesty.

Sometimes it hops, sometimes it flies,  
Then perches o'er the Hearse;  
Then strains its throat, and Sings a Note,  
That's neither Prose nor Verse.

The Tune is solemn as if Sett,  
To fit some dolefull Ditty;  
In lamentation for the Queen,  
To move all Hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird it seems to be,  
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings;  
Nor is there Feather'd Creatures else,  
That hops, and flies, and Sings.

But

But what Bird 'twas not known, untill,  
One Wiser than the rest;  
Affirm'd that he a *Robin* was,  
And prov'd it by his Breast.

I call it, He, not She, because,  
It Sings and Cocks its Tail;  
Which that no Female *Robin* doth,  
I'll hold a Pot of Ale.

This Bird abides about the Hearse,  
Most part of every day;  
Nor can you fail to hear him Sing,  
Unless the Organs play.

For Organ Pipes b'ing wider much,  
Than *Robin-red-breast's* throats;  
Their noise must needs be loud enough,  
To drown one *Robin's* Notes.

Some say this Bird an Angel is,  
If so, we hope 'tis good;  
But why an Angel? why forsooth,  
They say, he takes no food.

But that the *Robin* lives by meat,  
Is true without dispute;  
For though none ever saw him Eat,  
Enough have seen him Muite.

And that sometimes undecently,  
Upon the Statue-Royal;  
Which made some call him *Jacobite*,  
Or otherwise illoyal.

The *Papists* say this Bird's a Fiend,  
Which haunts Queen *Mary's* Ghost;  
And by its restless motion shews,  
How her poor Soul is tost-

But



But why then is this pretty Bird,  
So lively, brisk and merry?  
This rather proves the Queen at ease,  
And safe from *Purgatory*.

An old Star-gazing \* Taylor says,  
This frolick Bird proclaims;  
How glad all such as he would be,  
To welcome home *King James*.

\* *Gadbury a  
Jacobite Almanack-maker.*

And *Partridge*, who can make both Shooes, *Partridge a  
Shooemaker  
now makes  
Almanacks.*  
And Almamacks to boot;  
Says by this Bird assuredly,  
Some plot is still on foot.

For having, like an Augur, watch'd,  
Which way he took his flight;  
The *Robin* flew on his left hand,  
And not upon the right.

A Bird once in *Rome's* Capitol,  
Said \* all things shall be well;  
And why this harmless *Robin* should,  
Bode ill I cannot tell.

\* *ἔσαι πάντα  
καλῶς.  
Suetonius in  
the Life of Domitian.*

All we can guess, is from this Bird's  
Appearing still alone;  
Which represents our King's *Sole* case,  
Now his fair Queen is gone.

The *Robin* may have lost his Mate,  
So hath *King William* His;  
And that he may well match again,  
Our hearty Prayer is.

## A SONG.



**I**F Musick be the food of Love,  
 Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on,  
 Till I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy;  
 For then my listning Soul you move,  
 For then my listning Soul you move,  
 With pleasures that can never cloy;  
 Your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare,  
 That you are Musick ev'ry where.

Pleasures invade both Eye, and Ear,  
 So fierce the transports are, they wound;  
 And all my Senses feasted are,  
 Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound.  
 Sure I must perish by your Charms,  
 Unless you save me in your Arms.

A SONG.



**D**amon why will you die for Love,  
 Yet ne'r your flames discover?  
 Be wise and soon that pain remove,  
 Or tell the Nymph, or tell the Nymph you Love her:  
 As in each of her fierce disdain,  
 So in Love's cruel Anguish;  
 He who wants Sense to beg for ease,  
 Deserves, deserves in pain, in pain,  
 Deserves in pain to Languish.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,  
 Like her their minds they vary;  
 Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,  
 With you the next She'll Marry:  
 Be sure be true if She is kind,  
 If cruel then forget her;  
 With little pains you soon will find,  
 A Nymph who'll use you better.

## A SONG.



**Y**ou understand no tender Vows,  
 Of fervent and eternal Love;  
 That Lover will his labour lose,  
     Who does with sighs and tears propose,  
     Your Heart to move:  
 But if he talk of settling Land,  
     A House in Town and Coach maintain'd,  
     You understand, you understand.

You understand no Charm in Wit,  
 In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;  
 To any Fop you will submit,  
     The Nauseous Clown, or falsome Citty,  
     If rich they are,  
 Who Guineas can may you command,  
     Put Gold, and then put in your—  
     You understand, you understand.

## A SONG.



**H**OW Vile are the Sordid Intrigues of the Town,  
 Cheating and Lying continually sway;  
 From Bully and Punck to the Politick Gown,  
 In Plotting and Sotting they waste the day:  
 All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,  
 The *French* and the Wars is always the cry,  
 Marriage alas is declining,  
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,  
 Ah curse of this jarring what luck have L.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,  
 Into my Conjugal Fetters to bring;  
 I planted my snare too for one that lov'd Arms,  
 But found his design was another thing:  
 From the Court Province down to the dull Citts,  
 Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are shy;  
 Marriage alas is declining,  
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,  
 Ah pox of the *Monfieur* what luck have I.

## A S O N G.



Since roving of late,  
 Is as fatal as War;  
 And no Female sinners,  
 Will deal on the square;

Since

Since to keep's out of fashion,  
And drains the poor Cully;  
While his Mifs at his cost,  
Keeps some rascally Bully:

Since Mistresses sell,  
And Wives buy the pleasure;  
And to Wed or be constant's,  
The same in some measure;  
As soon as I can  
I will leave Fornication,  
And get a good Wife,  
If there's one in the Nation.

One modestly free,  
Not too proud of her Means;  
And tho' she writes Woman,  
Not out of her Teens,  
Not indebted to Art,  
For her Wit nor her Beauty,  
Yet whose Charms daily prompt me,  
To Family duty.

Who visits the Church,  
Tho' custom can't move her,  
To play there at Bo-peep,  
Cross a Pew with a Lover:  
Yet let her, with care,  
Shun a contrary evil,  
Left Angel at Church,  
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who, to noose  
Some young *Bubble*, bestows  
Her whole slender Fortune,  
In Trifles and Cloths;



Nor an over-fond Doatard,  
Who palls ev'ry pleasure,  
While for Bottle or Friend,  
She would leave me no leasure,

Nor one kind and gay,  
Like some, before Wedlock,  
Then a Slut and a Shrew  
When she holds me in Fetlock:  
Nor will I in haste,  
My dear liberty barter,  
Left, thinking to catch,  
I am caught by a *Tartar*.

My Mistress must Sense,  
And all Vertues admit,  
And joyn to good humour,  
Wealth, Beauty, and Wit :  
With a fervent affection,  
She always must Love me,  
And no Beauty but hers,  
E'er be able to move me.

Oh ! such may she be,  
Who shall tempt me to Marry ;  
If there is no such She,  
Till there is, I must tarry :  
And when she is found,  
I'll no more be a Rover,  
But wed her with speed,  
And, what's stranger, I'll Love her.

*The surpriz'd Nymph, A SONG.*



**T**He four and twentieth day of *May*,  
 Of all days in the year ;  
 A Vergin Lady, fresh and gay,  
 Did privately appear :  
 Hard by a River side got she,  
 And did Sing loud the rather ;  
 Cause she was sure, she was secure,  
 And had an intent to Bath her.

With glittering glancing jealous Eyes,  
 She sily looks about ;  
 To see if any lurking spies,  
 Were hid to find her out :  
 And being well resolv'd that none  
 Cou'd see her Nakedness ;  
 She pull'd her Robes off one by one,  
 And did her self undress.

Her Purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,  
 Her Ivory Hands unpin'd;  
 It wou'd have made a Coward bold,  
 Or tempted a Saint to 'a sin'd:  
 She turn'd about and look'd around,  
 Quoth she I hope I'm safe;  
 Then her Rosey petty Coat,  
 She presently put off.

The snow white Smock which she had on,  
 Transparently to Deck her;  
 Look'd like Cambrick or Laun,  
 Upon an Alabaster Picture:  
 Thro' which array, I did faintly spy,  
 Her Belly and her back;  
 Her Limbs were straight and all was white,  
 But that which shou'd be black.

Into a fluent Stream she leapt,  
 She look'd like Venus Glafs;  
 The Fishes from all quarters crept,  
 To see what Angel 'twas:  
 She did so like a Vision look,  
 Or fancy in a Dream;  
 'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forsook,  
 And drop'd into the stream.

Each Fish did with himself a man,  
 About her all, was drawn;  
 And at the sight of her began,  
 To spread abroad their Spawn:  
 She turn'd to Swim upon her Back,  
 And so Display'd her Banner;  
 If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,  
 He wou'd have dropt upon her.

A Lad that long her Love had been,  
 And cou'd obtain no Grace;  
 For all her Prying lay unseen,  
 Hid in a secret place:

Who

Who had often been Repuls'd,  
When he did come to Woe her;  
Pull'd off his Cloaths and furiously,  
Did run and leap in to her.

She Squeekt, she cry'd, and down she Div'd,  
He brought her up again;  
He brought her o'er upon the Shore,  
And then—and then—and then——  
As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,  
You may guess what I mean;  
Because she all uncover'd lay,  
He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes, She pants and cries,  
I'm utterly undone;  
If you will not be wed to me,  
E'er the next morning Sun:  
He answer'd her, he ne'er wou'd stir,  
Out of her sight till then;  
We'll both clap Hands, in Wedlock bands,  
Marry and to't again.

---

*A SONG New Sett by Mr. Church.*



**L** eave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,  
 And fall again to *drinking*,  
 That *Beauties* that wont *sack* allow,  
 Is hardly worth thy thinking,  
*Dry* love or *small* can never hold,  
 And without *Bacchus Venus* soon grows cold.

Doest think by turning *Anchorite*;  
 Or a dull *small-Beer* sinner.  
 Thy cold embraces can invite,  
 Or sprightless *Courtship* win her?  
 No, 'tis *Canary* that inspires,  
 'Tis *Sack*, like *Oyl*, gives *Flames* to am'rous Fires.

This makes thee *chant* thy *Mistress* name,  
 And to the heavens to raise her;  
 And range this universal frame,  
 For *Epithets* to praise her.  
 Low liquours render brains unwitty,  
 And ne'er provoke to love, but move to pity.

Then be thy self, and take thy *Glass*:  
 Leave off this dry *Devotion*,  
 Thou must like *Neptune* court thy lass,  
 Wallowing in *Nectar's* Ocean,  
 Let's offer at each *Ladies* shrine,  
 A full crown'd bowl, here's a health to thine.

A SONG New Set by Mr. Church.





*The Devils Progress on Earth or Huggle Duggle, &c.*



**F**rier Bacon walks again,  
 And Doctor Forster too;  
 Proserpine and Pluto,  
 And many a Goblin more:  
 With that a merry Devil,  
 To make the Airidg, vow'd;  
 Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!  
 The Devil Laugh'd aloud,

Why think you that he Laugh'd,  
 Forsooth he came from Court;  
 And there amongst the Gallants,  
 Had spy'd such pretty Sport:  
 There was such cunning Jugling,  
 And Ladys gon so proud;  
 Huggle Duggle, &c.

With

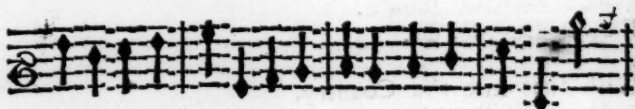


With that into the City,  
Away the Devil went ;  
To View the Marchants Dealings,  
It was his full intent,  
And there along the brave Exchange,  
He crept into the croud,  
Huggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,  
To see all there was well ;  
Their Scales were false, their Weights were light,  
Their Conscience fit for Hell :  
And *Panders* Chosen Magistrates  
And *Puritans* allow'd.  
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country,  
Away the Devil goeth ;  
For there is all plain Dealing,  
For that the Devil knoweth :  
But the Rich man Reaps the Gains,  
For which the Poor man Plough'd.  
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in haste,  
Took post away to Hell ;  
And call'd his fellow Furies,  
And told them all on Earth was well :  
That falsehood there did flourish,  
Plain dealing was in a Cloud.  
Huggle Duggle. Ha ! ha ! ha !  
The Devils Laugh'd aloud.

*A SONG New Set by Mr. Church.*

Cho.



**L**ike a Ring without a finger,  
 Or a Bell without a Ringer,  
 Like a Horse was never ridden;  
 Or a feast and no Guest bidden;  
 Like a Well without a Bucket,  
 Or a Rose if no man pluck it;  
     Just such as these may she be said,  
     That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,  
 The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks,  
 The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,  
 The Feast doth please if Guest be bidden;  
 The Bucket draws the water forth,  
 The Rose when pluckt is still more worth;  
     Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
     That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies.

Like

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

III

Like to the Stock not grafted on,  
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;  
Like a Jack without a Weight,  
Or a Barque without a Freight,  
Like a Lock without a Key,  
Or a Candle in the day,  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear best fruit,  
There's musick in the finger'd Lute.  
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready:  
The Freight doth make the Barque go steady:  
The Key the Lock doth open right,  
The Candle's useful in the night:  
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Call without *Anon Sir*,  
Or a Question and no Answer,  
Like a Ship was never rigg'd:  
Or a Myne was nev're digg'd:  
Like a wound without a Tent,  
Or silver Box without a Scent:  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,  
The civil Answer pleaseth all:  
Who rigs a Ship, Sayls with the wind,  
Who digs a Myne doth Treasure find:  
The Wound by wholsom Tent hath ease,  
The Box perfum'd, the Senses please;  
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,  
Or Commendations, and no Token:  
Like a Fort, and none to win it,  
Or Like the Moon, and no man in it:

Like

Like a School without a Teacher,  
Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher :  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,  
The Token doth adorn the Greet,  
There's triumph in the Fort being won,  
The man rides glorious in the Moon,  
The School is by the Teacher still'd,  
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd,  
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,  
Or a thing too long deferr'd,  
Like the Gold was never tryed,  
Or the ground unoccupied ;  
Like a House that's not possessed,  
Or a Book was never pressed ;  
Just such as these may she be said,  
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,  
Due season sweetens every thing ;  
The Gold that's try'd, from dross is pur'd,  
There's profit in the Ground manur'd ;  
The House is by possession graced,  
The Book well press'd is most embraced :  
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,  
That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies,

## A SONG.



**A**S I fate at my Spinning-Wheel,  
A bonny Lad there pass'd by,  
I ken'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,  
Geud Faith he had a bonny Eye:  
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,  
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,  
As he my presence did draw near,  
And round about my slender Waste,  
He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd:  
To kiss my hand he down did kneel,  
As I fate at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,  
And prais'd my Fingers long and small,  
And said, there was no Lady fair,  
That ever could with me compare:  
Those pleasing words my Heart did feel,  
But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

Altho'

Altho' I seemingly did chide,  
 Yet he would never be deny'd,  
 But did declare his Love the more,  
 Untill my Heart was wounded fore ;  
     That I my love could scarce conceal,  
     But yet I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,  
 And after that my Spinning-Wheel,  
 He bid me leave them all with speed,  
 And gang with him to yonders Mead :  
     My panting Heart strange flames did feel,  
     Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He stopt and gaz'd and blithly said,  
 Now speed thee weel my bonny Maid,  
 But if thou'rt to the Hay-Cock go,  
 I'll learn thee better Work I trow ;  
     Good Faith I lik'd him passing weel,  
     But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonnet oft,  
 And sweetly Kist my Lips so soft,  
 Yet still between each honey Kiss,  
 He urg'd me on to farther blis ;  
     'Till I resistless fire did feel,  
     Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,  
 Then with my bonny Lad I lay,  
 What Damsel ever could deny,  
 A Youth with such a Charming Eye ?  
     The pleasure I cannot reveal,  
     It far surpass the Spinning-wheel.

*The Answer; to the same Tune.*

**U**Pon a sunshine Summers day,  
When every Tree was green and gay,  
The Morning blusht with *Phæbus* ray,  
Just then ascending from the Sea,  
As *Silvia* did a Hunting ride,  
A lovely Cottage he espy'd;  
Where lovely *Chloe* Spinning sat,  
And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,  
Her Curling Hair was lovely brown,  
Her rowling Eyes all hearts did win,  
And white as down of Swans her Skin;  
So taking her plain Dress appears,  
Her Age not passing sixteen years,  
The Swain lay sighing at her foot,  
Yet still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,  
Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy mind,  
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,  
Was ne'er design'd for Woods and Groves;  
Come, come with me to Court my Dear,  
Partake my Love and Honour there;  
And leave this Rural fordid rout,  
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

At this with some few modest sighs,  
She turns to him her Charming Eyes,  
Ah! tempt me Sir no more she cries,  
Nor seek my weakness to surprize;  
I know your Arts to be believ'd,  
I know how Virgins are deceiv'd;  
Then let me thus my Life wear out,  
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

*The*

By



By that dear panting Breast cries he,  
 And yet unseen divinity;  
 Nay by my Soul that rests in thee,  
 I swear this cannot, must not be;  
 Ah cause not my eternal woe,  
 Nor kill the Man that loves thee so;  
 But go with me and ease my doubt,  
 And turn no more thy Wheel about.

His Cunning Tongue so play'd its part,  
 He gain'd admission to her heart;  
 And now she thinks it is no Sin,  
 To take Loves fatal poison in;  
 But ah too late she found her fault,  
 For he her Charms had soon forgot;  
 And left her e'er the year ran out,  
 In tears to turn Her Wheel about.

---

*A SONG New Sett by Mr. Church.*





A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,  
 There's none leads a life more jocund than he,  
 A Beggar I was and a Beggar I am,  
 A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came,  
 If as it begins our Tradings do fall,  
 We in the conclusion shall Beggars be all.  
*Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,  
 And few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.*

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,  
 A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,  
 A Canter my Unkle, that car'd not for Pelf,  
 A Lister my Aunt, and a Beggar my self;  
 In white wheaten straw when their belly's were full,  
 Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.  
*And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,  
 For there's none leads a life more jocund than be.*

When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,  
 To follow our Calling, we ne'er Bind them Prentice;  
 Soon as they come too't, we teach them to doo't  
 And give them a staff and a wallet to boot,  
 We teach them their *Lingua* to Crave and to Cant,  
 The Devil is in them if then they can want.  
*And he, or she, that beggar will be,  
 Without Indentures he shall be made free.*

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens,  
 We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,  
 For Churches Affairs, we are no men slayers,  
 We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,  
 But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purse,  
 We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curse,  
*The Devil confound your good Worship we cry,  
 And such a bold brazen fac'd beggar am I.*

We

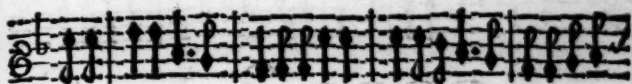
We do things in season, and have so much reason,  
 We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason,  
 We bill all our Mates, at very low Rates,  
 Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the gates,  
 With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Teague,  
 We into no Covenant enter, nor League.  
*And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,  
 For none lives a life more merry than be.*

For such petty pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges  
 We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,  
 But sometimes the whip doth make us to skip,  
 And then we from Tything to Tything do trip,  
 For when in a poor Bouzing-kan we do bib it,  
 We stand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet,  
*And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,  
 For when it is night in the barn tumbles be.*

We throw down no Altar, nor ever do falter,  
 So much as to change a gold chain for a Halter,  
 Though some men do flout us, and others do doubt us,  
 We commonly bear forty pieces about us ;  
 But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,  
 That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer,  
*And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,  
 I fear not the Compter, Kings Bench, nor the Fleet.*

Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,  
 And when a Coach comes I hop to my game,  
 We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry,  
 By the Gown Common Prayer or Cloak Directory ;  
 But *Simon* and *Susan* like birds of a Feather,  
 They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.  
*Like Pigs in the Pease-straw intangled they lie,  
 Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.*

A SONG.



I Went to the Alehouse as an honest woman shou'd,  
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves  
Knaves will be knaves in every degree, (wou'd,  
I'll tell you by and by, how this Knave serv'd me.

I call'd for my pot as an honest woman shou'd,  
And the knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,  
*Knaves will be knaves, &c.*

I went into my bed as an honest woman shou'd,  
And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves wou'd,  
*Knaves will be Knaves, &c.*

I proved with Child as an honest woman shou'd,  
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,  
Knaves will be knaves in every degree,  
And thus have I told you how this Knave serv'd me.

## A SONG on a Wedding New Sett by Mr. Clark.



**N**ow that Loves Holiday is come,  
 And *Madg* the Maid hath swept the room,  
 And trim'd her Spit and Pot;  
 Awake my merry Muse and Sing,  
 The Revels and that other thing,  
 That must not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd 'tis said,  
*Clorinda* broke out of her bed,  
 Like *Cynthia* in her pride;  
 Where all the Maiden Lights that were,  
 Compriz'd within our *Hemisphere*,  
 Attended at her side.

But wot you then, with much ado,  
 They dress'd the Bride from top to toe!  
 And brought her from her Chamber;  
 Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,  
 More sumptuous than the live-long day,  
 Or Stars enshrin'd in Amber.

The

The sparkling bullies of her eyes,  
Like two eclipsed Suns did rise,  
    Beneath her crystal brow,  
To shew like those strange accidents,  
Some sudden changeable events,  
    Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,  
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,  
    Presag'd the blustering night,  
With his encircling arms and shade,  
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,  
    And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips, those threds of scarlet die,  
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie,  
    Legions of sweets did crown.  
Which smilingly did seem to say,  
O crop me, crop me, whilst you may,  
    Anon they're not mine own.

Her breasts those melting *Alps* of snow;  
On whose fair hills in open snow,  
    The *God of Love* lay napping;  
Like swelling Buts of lively Wine,  
Upon their Ivory Tilts did shine,  
    To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waist that tender type of man,  
Was but a small and single span,  
    Yet I dare safely swear,  
He that whole thousands has in fee,  
Would forfeit all so he might be,  
    Lord of the Mannor there,

But now before I pass the line,  
 Pray, *Reader*, give me leave to dine,  
     And pause here in the middle ;  
 The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,  
 With all the *Hymeneal* flock,  
     The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

When as the Priest *Clarinda* sees,  
 He star'd as't had been half his fees  
     To gaze upon her face :  
 And if the spirit did not move,  
 His countenance was far above  
     Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their hands,  
 And hamper'd them in marriage bands,  
     As fast as fast may be :  
 Where still me thinks, me thinks, I hear  
 That secret sigh in every ear,  
     Once, love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knock'd amain,  
 And up the dishes in a train  
     Came smoaking two and two ;  
 With that they wip'd there mouths and sate,  
 Some fell to quaffing some to prate,  
     Ay marry and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impai'd the meat,  
*Roger* and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,  
     *Ralph* and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Mandlin* ;  
 And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* so sweet,  
 Whose cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet  
     As round and as plump as a codling.



When at the last they had fetch'd their freez,  
And mired their stomachs quite up to the knees,  
In Claret and good chear ;  
Then then began the merry din,  
For as it was they were all on the pin,  
O what kissing and clipping was there.

But as luck would have it the *Parson* said grace,  
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,  
Each Lad took his Lass by the fist,  
And when he had squeez'd her, and gaum'd her untill  
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,  
He toll'd for the rest of the gift.

In sweat and in dust having wasted the day,  
They enter'd upon the last act of the play,  
The Bride to her bed was convey'd,  
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,  
And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found;  
'T would have made a mans arm have stray'd.

This clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,  
Half bedded, like the peeping day,  
Behind *Olympus* cap ;  
Whilst at her head each twittring Girl,  
The fatal stocking quick did whirl  
To know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,  
All *disappointed* in the bustle,  
The Maidens had shav'd his breeches,  
But let us not complain, 'tis well,  
In such a storm I can you tell,  
He sav'd his other stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the bed,  
 Even just as if a man had said,  
     Fair Lady have at all;  
 Where twisted at the hug they lay,  
 Like *Venus* and the sprightly boy,  
     O who would fear the fall?

Thus both with loves sweet tapers fired,  
 And thousand balmy kisses tired,  
     They could not wait the rest,  
 But out the folk and Candles fled,  
 And to't they went, but what they did,  
     There lies the cream o'th' jest.

---

*The Wife bates to the foregoing Tune.*

**H**E that intends to take a wife,  
 I'll tell him, what a kind of life  
     He must be sure to lead;  
 If she's a young and tender heart,  
 Not documented in Loves art,  
     Much teaching she will need.

For where there is no path, one may  
 Be tir'd before he find the way;  
     Nay, when he's at his treasure,  
 The gap perhaps will prove so straight,  
 That he for entrance long may wait,  
     And make a toil of's pleasure.

Or if one old, and past her doing,  
 He will the chamber-maid be wooing,  
     To buy her ware the cheaper;  
 But if he chuse one most formose,  
 Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,  
     Argus himself sha'nt keep her.

For when these things are neatly drest,  
They'll entertain each wanton guest,  
Nor for your honour care ;  
If any give their pride a fall,  
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withall,  
So you their charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your game,  
With a dull, fat, gross, heavy Dame,  
Your riches to encrease,  
Alas she will but jeer you for't,  
Bid you to find out better sport,  
Lie with a pot of grease.

If meager— be thy delight,  
She'll conquer in venereal fight,  
And waft thee to the bones ;  
Such kind of girls like to your Mill,  
The more you give, the more crave they will,  
Or else they'll grind the stones.

If black, 'tis odds she's dev'lish proud ;  
If short, *Zantippe* like, too loud,  
If long, she'll lazy be,  
Foolish (the Proverb says) if fair ;  
If wise and comely danger's there,  
Lest she do Cuckhold thee.

If she bring store of money, such  
Are like to domineer too much,  
Prove Mrs. no good Wife :  
And when they cannot keep you under,  
They'll fill the house with scolding thunder,  
What worse than such a life ?

But if their Dowry only be  
Beauty, farewell felicity,

Thy fortune's cast away ;  
Thou must be sure to satisfy her  
In Belly, and in Back desire,  
To labour night and day.

And rather than her Pride give o'er,  
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,  
And thou'lt *Alceon*'d be ;  
Whilst like *Alceon* thou mayest weep,  
To think thou forced art to keep  
Such as devour thee.

If being Noble thou dost Wed,  
A servile creature, basely bred,  
Thy family it defaces ;  
If being mean, one nobly born,  
She'll swear to exalt a Court-like horn,  
Thy low descent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any  
Then he who takes a Wife with many,  
Knows not what may betide him ;  
She whom he did for the learning honour,  
To Scold by Book will take upon her,  
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,  
To please them you must take great care,  
Or spoil your future fortune ;  
But if departed they're this life,  
You must be parent to your wife,  
And father all, be certain.

If bravely drest fair Fac'd and Witty,  
She'll oft be gadding to the City,  
Nor can you say her nay ;  
She'll tell you (if you her deny)  
Since Women have terms she knows not why,  
But they still keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country ware,  
Of being Cuckold there's less fear,  
But stupid honesty  
May teach her how to sleep all night,  
And take a great deal more delight,  
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their Blood agree,  
Too near, where's consanguinity,  
Then let no kin be chosen ;  
He loseth one part of his treasure,  
Who thus confineth all his pleasure,  
To th'arms of a first Cozen.

He'll never have her at command,  
Who takes a Wife at second hand,  
Then chose no Widow'd mother ;  
The first cut of that bit you love  
If others had, why mayn't you prove,  
But taster to another ?

Besides if she bring Children many,  
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,  
But prove a barren Doe ;  
Or if by them she ne'er had one,  
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none,  
Whilst thou for weak Back go.

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

For there where other Gardner's have been sowing,  
 Their seed but ne'er could find it growing,

You must expect so too;

And where the *Terra incognita*,

So's plow'd, you must it fallow lay,

And still for weak Back go.

Then trust not a Maiden face,

Nor confidence in Widows place,

Those weaker vessels may

Spring leak or split against a rock,

And when your fame's wrapt in a smock,

'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,

You for a time may love them all,

Call them your soul, your life;

And one by one them undermine,

As Courtezan, or Concubine,

But never as a married Wife.

*He who considers this may end the strife,*

*Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.*

*A SONG New Sett by Mr. J. Clark.*



**I**N faith, 'tis true I am in Love,  
'Tis your black Eyes have made me so;  
My resolutions they remove,  
And former niceness overthrow.

Those glowing char-coals set on fire,  
A heart, that former flames did shun,  
Who as *Heresick* unto desire,  
Now's judg'd to suffer *Martyrdom*.

But Beauty, since it is thy fate,  
At distance thus to wound so sure;  
Thy Vertues I will imitate,  
And see if distance prove a cure.

Then farewell Mistress, farewell Love,  
Those lately entertain'd desires,  
Wise Men can from that plague remove;  
Farewell black Eyes, and farewell fires.

If ever I my heart acquit  
Of those dull flames, I'll bid a Pox  
On all black Eyes, and swear they're fit,  
For nothing but a Tinder-box.



A SONG.



**T**om and Will were Shepherds Swains,  
 They lov'd and liv'd together,  
 When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,  
 Alas! why came she thither;  
 For though they fed two several Flocks,  
 They had but one desire,  
*Pastora's* Eyes and Amber Locks,  
 Set both their hearts on fire.

*Tom* came of honest gentle Race,  
 By Father, and by Mother,  
*Will* was noble, but alas!  
 He was a younger Brother.

*Tom*

*Tom* was toysom, *Will* was sad,  
He Huntsman, nor no Fowler,  
*Tom* was held a proper Lad,  
But *Will* the better Bowler.

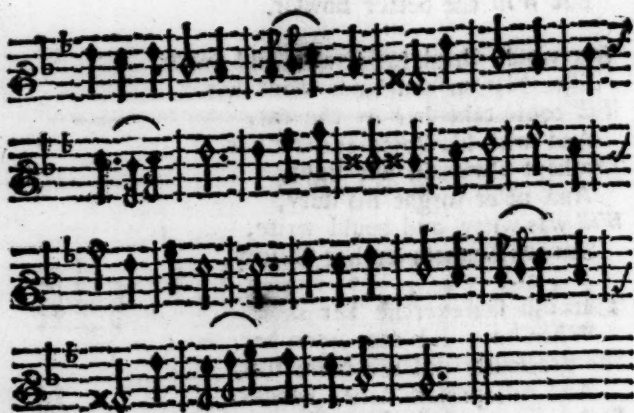
*Tom* would drink her Health, and swear,  
The Nation could not want her.  
*Will* could take her by the ear,  
And with his Voice enchant her.  
*Tom* kept always in her sight,  
And ne'er forgot his duty,  
*Will* was witty, and could write,  
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.

Thus did she exercise her skill.  
When both did dote upon her,  
She graciously did use them still,  
And still preserv'd her honour.  
So cunning and so fair a she,  
And of so sweet behaviour.  
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,  
Was chiefly in her favour.

Which of those two she loved most,  
Or whether she lov'd either,  
'Tis thought they'll find it to their cost,  
That she indeed lov'd neither,  
For to the Court *Pastora's* gone,  
'T had been no Court without her ;  
The Queen amongst her Train had none,  
Was half so fair about her.

*Tom* hung his Dog, and threw away,  
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet,  
*Will* burst his Pipes, and curst the day,  
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

## A SONG.



**B**Right was the Morning, cool was the Air,  
 Serene was all the Sky,  
 When on the Waves I left my dear,  
 The Center of my joy;  
 Heaven and Nature smiling were,  
 And nothing sad but I.

Each Rosie Field did' Odours spread,  
 All Fragrant was the shore;  
 Each River God rose from his Bed,  
 And sigh'd and own'd her power:  
 Curling their Waves they deck'd their head,  
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen,  
 Her Heroe went to see,  
*Cidrus* swell'd o'er his Banks in pride,  
 As much in love as he:  
*Cidrus* swell'd, &c.

Glide on ye waters, bear these Lines,  
And tell her how distress'd,  
Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds,  
And waft 'em to her Breast,  
Tell her if e'er she prove unkind,  
I never shall have rest.

---

A SONG.



**S**awney was Tall and of Noble Race;  
And lov'd me better than any cane;  
But now he liggs by another Lads,  
And Sawney will ne'er be my Love agen:  
I gave him fine Scotch Sarke and Band,  
I put 'em on with mine own hand;  
I gave him House, and I gave him Land,  
Yet Sawney will ne'er be my Love agen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,  
 And Nosegays made to give *Sawney* one;  
 He kist my Breast and feign would do mere,  
 Gude feth me thought he was a bonny one:  
 He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,  
 And Carv'd my name on each green Tree,  
 And sigh'd and languisht to ligg by me;  
 Yet now he wo'not be my Love agen.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt Face,  
 He prais'd, and also my Ruffet Gown,  
 But now he doats on the Copper Lace,  
 Of some lewd Quean of *London Town*:  
 He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,  
 Whilst I poor soul sit sighing at heam,  
 And near joy *Sawney* unless in a dream;  
 For now he near will be my Love again.

## A SONG.



Quoth

**Q**uoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?  
 I Prethee now wilt, and lfe Marry with thee:  
 My Cow, my Cow, my Houfe and Rents,  
 Aw my Lands and Tenements:  
*Say my Joan, say my Joaney, will that not do?*  
*I cannot, I cannot, come every day to woe.*

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,  
 And three fat Hogs pent up in the sty;  
 I have a Mare and ſhe's coal black:  
 I ride on her Tail to ſave her back:  
*Say my Joan, &c.*

I have a Cheefe upon the ſhelf,  
 I cannot eat it all my ſelf;  
 I have three gude Marks that lie in a rag,  
 In the nook of the Chimney inſtead of a bag:  
*Say my Joan, &c.*

To marry I would have thy conſent,  
 But faith I never could Complement;  
 I can ſay nought but hoy gee hoa,  
 Terms that belong to Cart and Plough:  
*Say my Joan, &c.*

*St. George for England.*







Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?  
 We know how many men have perform'd fights;  
 Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,  
 Or Sir *Iristram du Leon* that fought for the Ladys sake?  
 Read old stories, and there you'll see  
 How *St. George*, *St. George*, did make the Dragon flee:  
*St. George* he was for *England*, *St. Denis* was for *France*,  
 Sing *Honi soit qui ma ly pense*.

To speak of the *Monarchs*, it were too long to tell;  
 And likewise of the *Romans*, how far they did excell,  
*Hannibal* and *Scipio*, they many a field did fight,  
*Orlando Furioso* he was a valiant Knight,  
*Romulus* and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon he hath kill'd.  
*St. George* he was, &c.

*Jephtha* and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,  
 The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put them all to flight  
*Hercules's* Labour was in the Vale of Brass,  
 And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Ass,  
 And when he was blind, pull'd the Temple to the ground:  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound.  
*St. George* he was, &c.

*Valentine* and *Orson* they came of *Pipin's* blood,  
*Alfred* and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good;  
 The four sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,  
*Sir Hugh de Bourdeaux* and *Godfruy de Bolaigue*,  
 These were all French Knights the Pagans did convert,  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons heart.  
*St. George* he was, &c.

Hen-



*Henry* the fifth he Conquered all *France*,  
He quartered their Arms, his Honour to advance,  
He razed their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,  
And garnished his Head with a double triple Crown;  
He thumped the *French*, and after home he came!  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath slain.  
*St. George* he was, &c.

*St. David* you know, loves *Leeks* and toasted *Cheese*,  
And *Jason* was the man brought home the *Golden-Fleece*;  
*St. Patrick* you know he was *St. George's Boy*,  
Seven years he kept his Horse and then stole him away;  
For which *Knave*ish act a slave he doth remain:  
But *St. George*, *St. George* he hath the Dragon slain,  
*St. George* he was, &c.

*Tamberlane* the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,  
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town;  
*Scanderbeg* Magnanimous *Mahomer's Bashaws* did dread,  
Whose Victorious Bones were worn when he was dead;  
His *Beglerbegs*, he scorns like dregs, *George Castriot* was  
[he call'd,  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.  
*St. George* he was, &c.

*Ottoman* the *Tartar*, he came of *Persia's* race,  
The great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of Cloves and  
[Mace,  
The *Grecian Youth Bucephalus* he manly did bestride,  
But those with all their worthies Nine, *St. George* did  
[them deride;  
*Gustavus Adolphus* was *Swedeland's* Warlike King,  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons sting.  
*St. George* he was, &c.

*Pendragon and Cadwallader of Britiſh blood do boaſt,  
Tho' John of Gant his foes did daunt, St. George ſhall rule  
[the roſt;*

Agamemnon and Cleomedon and Macedon did feats,  
But compared to our Champion they were but meely

Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* fights, their brandish  
[Swords outdrew ;

But St. George met the Dragon and ran him through and through.

St. George he was, &c.

*Bidea* the Amazon, *Proteus* overthrew,  
As fierce as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen* or *Few*;  
The potent *Holophernes* as he lay on his bed,  
In came wife *Judith* and subtilly stole away his head;  
Brave *Cyclops* stout, with *Jove* he fought, although he  
[show'd down Thunder,  
But *St George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a won-  
der!

St George he was, &c.

*Mark Anthony*, I'll warrant you, play'd feats with *Egypt's*  
[*Queen*,

Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, the like was never seen,  
Grim Gorgon's might was known in fight, old Bevis most  
men frighted.

The Myrmidons and Prester Johns, why were not these  
men Knighted?

Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Nassau* did it recover,  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, he turn'd the Dragon over and  
[over:

St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France,  
Sing, Hony soit qui ma ly pense.

*Old England turn'd New, to the Tune of the  
Blacksmith, Page 28.*

**Y**ou talk of *New England*, I truly believe,  
*Old England* is grown New, and doth us deceive ;  
I'll ask you a Question or two by your leave ;  
*And is not old England grown New ?*

Where are your old Soldiers with Slashes and Scars:  
They never us'd Drinking in no time of wars,  
Nor Shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars ?  
*And is not old England &c.*

New Captains are made that never did Fight,  
But with pots in the Day, and punks in the Night,  
And all their chief Care is to keep their Swords bright ;  
*And is not old England, &c.*

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your Bows,  
Your Bucklers and Targets that never fear'd Blows ?  
They are turn'd to Stiletto's, with other fair Shows ;  
*And is not, &c.*

Where are your Old Courtiers that used to Ride,  
With Forty Blue-coats and Foot-men beside ?  
They are turn'd to Six Horses, a Coach with a guide :  
*And is not, &c.*

And what is become of our old *English* Cloathes,  
Your long sleev'd Doublet and your Trunk Hose ?  
They are turn'd to French Fashions and other gewgaws :  
*And is not, &c.*

Your Gallant and his Taylor some half a year together,  
To fit a new Sute to a new Hat and Feather,  
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloth, Stuff or Leather :  
*And is not, &c.*

We

We have New fashion'd Beards, and new fashion'd Locks,  
 And new fashion'd Hats, for your new pated Blocks,  
 And more New Diseases, besides the *French P O X* ;  
*And is not, &c.*

New Houses are built, and old ones pulled down,  
 Untill the new Houses sell all the old ground,  
 And the Houses stand like a Horse in the Pound ;  
*And is not, &c.*

New fashions in Houses, new fashions at Table,  
 Old Servants discharg'd, and new not so able,  
 And all good old custom is now but a Fable ;  
*And is not, &c.*

New Trickings, new Goings, new Measures, new Paces ;  
 New Heads for men, for your women new faces,  
 And twenty new tricks to mend their bad cases ;  
*And is not, &c.*

New tricks in the Law, new tricks in the Rolls,  
 New Bodies they have, they look for new Souls,  
 When the money is paid for building old *Pauls*,  
*And is not, &c.*

Then talk you no more of *New England*,  
*New England* is where *old England* did stand,  
 New Furnish'd, new Fashion'd, new Woman'd, new  
 [Man'd ;  
*And is not, &c.*

*To the Tune of the Black-Smith, Page 28.*

I'll tell you a story if it be true,  
 But look you to that, I am sure it is new,  
 And only in *Salisbury* known to a few.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Some

Some Sages have written, as we do find,  
That Spirits departed are monstrous kind  
To Friends and Relations left behind.

*Which, &c.*

That this is no tale I shall you tell,  
A Lady there dyed, Men thought her in Hell,  
I mean in the Grave, as some expound well.

*Which, &c.*

Now as the Devil a Hunting did go,  
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,  
In a Thicket he heard a sound of much Woe.

*Which, &c.*

It was a Lady that wept, and her weeping,  
Made *Satan* go from list'ning to peeping.  
Quoth he what Slave hath this Lady in keeping;

*Which, &c.*

Good Sir, quoth she, if of Woman you came,  
Pity my case, and I'll tell you the same.  
Quoth the *Devil* be quick in your story *fair dame*.

*Which, &c.*

Quoth she I left two Children behind,  
To whom their Father is very unkind,  
If I could but appear, I shou'd change his mind.

*Which, &c.*

*Fair Dame* quoth the *Devil* are these all your wants?  
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,  
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints.

*Which, &c.*

Then she told him how many Sweet hearts she had,  
How many were good, and how many were bad,  
The Devil began to think her stark mad.

*Which, &c.*

And

And so she went on with the cause of the squabble,  
*Beelzebub* scratch't, and was in great trouble,  
 For he thought it would prove a two hours *Babble*  
*Which, &c.*

He would have been gone, but well I wist,  
 She caught him fast by the lilly black fist,  
 Nay then quoth the Devil, e'n do what you list.  
*Which, &c.*

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,  
 And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,  
 Then snap went the Lock and the Candles burnt blue.  
*Which, &c.*

Quoth she will you give my Children their Land?  
 Her Husband sweat you must understand,  
 For he did not think her so near at hand,  
*Which, &c.*

But having Recover'd Heart of grace,  
 Quoth he, You Jade, come again in this Place,  
 And *Faustus* his Chamber-pot flies in thy Face,  
*Which, &c.*

When she could not prevail by means so foul,  
 She sought other ways his Mind to controul,  
 So she went to a Maid, a very good Soul.  
*Which, &c.*

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,  
 Most Gracious Madam, what would you have done;  
 I'll do it, although you'd have me a Nun,  
*Which, &c.*

Then go to my Husband, and bid him do right,  
 Unto my two Children, or else by this Light,  
 I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.  
*Which, &c.*

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reasons,  
I'll sit on his Bed and read him such Lessons,  
As never were heard at Mr. Mompeffons.

*Which, &c.*

So away went the Virgin and flew like a Bird,  
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,  
At which he replyed, I care not a T——

*Which, &c.*

For when she was Incarnate, quoth he,  
She was as much Devil as e'er she could be,  
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.

*Which, &c.*

Good Sir, quoth she, consider my plight,  
I am not able to keep out right,  
Three waking Ministers every Night,

*Which, &c.*

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty so sad,  
Compassion straight his Fury allay'd,  
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.

*Which, &c.*

When the Land as I said was convey'd to the Boys,  
The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,  
And away went the Spirit with a tuneable Voice—

*Which no body can deny.*



## A SONG.



SIR Eglamore, that valiant Knight,  
*S*-Fa la, lanky down dilly;  
 He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,  
*Fa la, lanky down dilly*:  
 And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,  
 All Armed with a Coat of Male,  
*Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly,*

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,  
 That had slain God knows how many Men;  
 But when she saw Sir Eglamore,  
 Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the Trees began to shake,  
 Horse did tremble, Man did quake;  
 The Birds betook them all to peeping,  
 Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,  
 For now they fall to't fight Dog fight Bear;

And

And to't they go, and soundly fight.  
A live-long day, from morn till night.

This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,  
That could the sharpest Steel abide;  
No Sword could enter her with cuts,  
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choler he did burn,  
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;  
For as a yawning she did fall,  
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly  
Unto her Den, which was hard by;  
And there she lay all night and roar'd,  
The Knight was sorry for his Sword.  
But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,  
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

---

*The Angler's SONG, to the Tune my Father  
was born before me, Page 57.*

O F all the recreations which  
Attend on Humane Nature,  
There's none that is of so high a Pitch,  
Or is of such a Stature,  
As is the subtle Angler's life,  
In all mens approbation;  
For Anglers tricks, do daily mix  
In every Corporation,

Whilst *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in love,  
And had no cause of Jangling;  
The Devil did the Waters move,  
The Serpent went to Angling:

H

He

He bates his Hook, with God-like look,  
Thought He this will entange her ;  
By this all ye, may plainly see,  
That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,  
Are all most neat entanglers ;  
And he that looks will find in fine,  
That most of them are Anglers :  
Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,  
Physicians like Curmudgeons ;  
They bait with Health, and fish for Wealth,  
And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

Upon th'Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,  
Meets many a neat entangler ;  
'Mongst Merchant Men, there's not one in Ten,  
But what is a cunning Angler :  
For like the Fishes in the Brook,  
Brother doth swallow Brother ;  
There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,  
And they fish for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next prefer,  
He's a formal Man in Black Sir ;  
He throws his Angle ev'ry where,  
And cries What is't you lack Sir :  
Fine Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,  
But if a Courtier prove th'entangler ;  
My Citizen, he must look to't then,  
Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such Angling as a Wench,  
Stark naked in the Water ;  
She'll make you leave both Trout, and Tench,  
And throw your self in after :  
Your Hook and Line she will confine,  
Thus tangled is th'entangler ;  
And this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear,  
Of many a Jovial Angler.

The Cavaliers SONG.



**H**F that is a cleer  
 Cavalier  
 Will not repine,  
 Although  
 His substance grow  
 So very low,  
 That he can not drink wine.

Fortune is a lass  
 Will embrace  
 And soon destroy;  
 Free born,  
 In libertie  
 We'll ever be,  
 Singing *vive le roy.*

H z

Vox

The

SH

*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,  
 And Fortune is a whore,  
 There's none but fools and Knaves regard her  
 Or her power implore.

He that is a trusty Roger  
 And hath serv'd his King,  
 Although he be a tatter'd Souldier,  
 Yet he will skip and Sing,  
 Whilst he that fights for love,  
 May in the way of Honour prove,  
 And they that make sport of us,  
 May come short of us :  
 Fate will flatter them,  
 And will scatter them,  
 Whilst the Royalty,  
 Looks upon Loyalty,  
 We that live peaceably,  
 May be successfully,  
 Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real honest man  
 May be utterly undone,  
 To show his allegiance,  
 His love and obedience,  
 But that will raise him up,  
 Virtue weighs him up,  
 Honour stays him up,  
 And we'll praise him,  
 Whilst the fine Courtier dine,  
 With his full bowls of wine,  
 Honour will make him fast.

Freely let's be then  
                   Honest men,  
 And kick at fate,  
                   We  
 May live to see  
                   Our Loyalty  
 Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a word  
Or a sword,  
'Gainst the Throne;  
Or doth prophanely prate  
To wrong the State,  
Hath but little for his own.

*Chorus.*

What though Plummers, Painters, and Players,  
Be the prosperous men,  
Yet we'll attend our own affairs,  
When we come to't agen,  
Treachery may be fac't with light,  
And leachery lin'd with furr,  
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,  
'Tis fortune *de la gar* ;  
But what is that to us, boys !  
That now are honest men ?  
We'll conquer and come agen,  
Beat up the drum agen,  
Hey for Cavaliers,  
Joy for Cavaliers,  
Pray for Cavaliers.  
Dub a dub dub ;  
Have at old *Belzebub* ;  
*Oliver* stinks for fear.  
Fift-Monarchy must down, Bullies,  
And every Sect in Town,  
We'll rally, and to't agen,  
Give 'em the rout agen,  
When they come agen,  
Charge 'em home agen,  
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,  
This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

*A Parly, between two VVest-countrymen on sight  
of a VVedding.*



**I** Tell the *Dick* where I have been,  
Where I the rarest things have seen;  
O things beyond compare!  
Such sights again cannot be found  
In any place on English ground,  
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing Crofs*, hard by the way  
Where we (thou knowest) do sell our hay,  
There is a House with stairs;  
And there did I see coming down,  
Such Voulk as are not in our town,  
Vorty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine,  
(His beard no bigger though than thine)  
Walkt on before the rest:  
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:  
The King (God blefs him) 'twould undo him.  
Shou'd he go still so drest.

'At course-a-Park without all doubt,  
He should have first been taken out

By



*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

151

By all the Maids i'th' Town;  
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,  
Or little *George* upon the green,  
Or *Vincem* of the Crown.

But wot you what; the youth was going  
To make an end of his own woiing,  
The Parson for him staid:  
Yet by his leave (for all his hast)  
He did not so much wish all past  
Perchance as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)  
For such a Maid no *Whitson-Ale*  
Could ever yet produce:  
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the Ring  
Would not stay on which he did bring,  
It was too wide a peck:  
And to say truth (for out it must)  
It lookt like the great Collar (just)  
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light:  
But *Dick* she dances such away,  
No Sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,  
But she would not, she was so nice,  
She would not do't in sight;  
And then she lookt as who would say,  
I will do what I list to day;  
And you shall do't at night.

H 4

Her

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
 No Dazy makes comparison  
 (Who sees them is undone :)  
 For streaks of red were mingled there;  
 Such as are on a Katherine Pear,  
 The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin  
 Compar'd to that was next her Chin :  
 (Some Bee had stung it newly : )  
 But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,  
 I durst no more upon them gaze,  
 Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,  
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
 That they might passage get?  
 But she so handled still the matter,  
 They came as good as ours, or better,  
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin  
 The Parson himself had guilty bin  
 (She lookt that day so purely)  
 And did the youth so oft the feat  
 At night, as some did in conceit,  
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me ! how. I run on !  
 There's *that* that would be thought upon  
 (I trow) besides the Bride :  
 The business of the Kitchin's great,  
 For it is fit that men should eat ;  
 Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,  
 And all the Waiters in a trice  
 His summons did obey,  
 Each Serving man with dish in hand.

Marcht

Marcht boldly up like our Train-band,  
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,  
What man of knife or teeth was able  
To stay to be intreated?  
And this the very reason was  
Before the Parson could say grace,  
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;  
Health first go round, and then the House;  
The Brides came thick and thick;  
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,  
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;  
(And who could help it, *Dick*?)

O'th suddain up they rise and dance;  
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:  
Then dance again and kiss:  
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,  
Whil'st every woman wisht her place,  
And every man wisht his.

By this time all were stoln aside,  
To counsel and undress the Bride;  
But that he must not know:  
But 'twas thought he guest her mind,  
And did not mean to stay behind  
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay  
Like new-fallen snow melting away,  
( 'Twas time I trow to part)  
Kisses were now the only stay,  
Which soon she gave, as who would say:  
God B'w'y'! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it  
 In came the Bride-maids with the Posset,  
     The Bridegroom eat in spight;  
 For had he left the women to't;  
 It would have cost two hours to do't,  
     Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now  
 All that they had not done they do;  
     What that is, you can tell;  
 But I believe it was no more,  
 Than thou and I have done before  
     With Bridget and with Nell.

*Of the Downfall of one part of the Mitre-Tavern in  
 Cambridge, or the Sinking thereof into the Cel-  
 lar. By Mr. Tho. Randolph. To the Tune  
 of My Father was born before, Page 57.*

**L**ament, Lament you Scholars all,  
 Each wear his blackest gown,  
 The Mitre that held up your Wits  
 Is now it self faln down:  
 The dismal Fire on London-Bridge  
 Could move no heart of mine,  
 For that but o'er the Water stood,  
 But this stood o'er the Wine.

It needs must melt each Christian heart,  
 That this sad news but hears;  
 To see how the poor Hogsheads wept,  
 Good Sack and Claret Tears.  
 The Zealous students of that place,  
 Change of Religion fear,  
 Lest this mischance bring in,  
 The heresie of Beer.

Unhappy *Mitre* I would know,  
The cause of thy sad hap ;  
Came it by making Legs too low,  
To *Pembroke's* Cardinal's Cap ?

Hence ! know thy self and cringe no more,  
Since Popery went down,  
The Cap should veil to thee, for now  
The *Mitre's* next the Crown,

Or was't because our company,  
Did not frequent thy cell ;  
As we were wont to drown those cares,  
Thou fox'd thy self and sell ?

No sure the Devil was a dry,  
And caus'd that fatal blow,  
'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,  
That he might drink below.

And some do say the Devil did it,  
Cause he would drink up all ;  
But I rather think the Pope was drunk,  
And let the *Mitre* fall.

But *Rose* now whither, *Faulcon* mew,  
Whilst *Sam* enjoys his wishes ;  
The *Dolphin* too must cast her Crown,  
Wine was not made for Fishes.

That sign a Tavern best becomes,  
That shews who loves Wine best ;  
The *Mitre's* then the only sign,  
For 'tis the Scholars crest.

Then drink Sack *Sam* and cheer thy Heart,  
Be not dismay'd at all ;  
For we will drink it up again,  
Though our selves do catch a fall.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,  
In spite of Bugbear Prostors ;  
We drank like Freshmen all before,  
But now we'll drink like Doctors.

SONG, To the Tune of the Black-Smith,  
Page 28.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,  
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,  
I'll tell you before hand you'll find *nothing* in't.  
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,  
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,  
Nor care I a pin if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, and Men,  
Did start out of *nothing* a Chaos, a Den;  
And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.  
'Tis *nothing* sometimes that makes many things hit,  
As when fools amongst wise men do silently sit  
A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a wit.

What one man loves is another mans loathing,  
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing,  
And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*.  
Your lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,  
And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,  
Frequently makes such ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,  
He may to the bed of a whore be betray'd,  
But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a maid.  
Your flashing, and clashing, and flashing of wit,  
Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit,  
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.

When first by the ears we together did fall,  
Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;  
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.  
That party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,  
Who made our three Kingdoms, & Churches lie waste,  
Their project and all came to *nothing* at last.

They



They rais'd an Army of horse and of foot,  
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root,  
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't,  
The Organ, the Altar and Ministers cloathing,  
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,  
That he must needs raise a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had rob'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing,  
Perjur'd the People by faithing and troathing,  
At last he was catch't, and all came to *nothing*.  
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,  
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall,  
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When war, and Rebellion, and plundering grows,  
The mendicant man is the freest from foes;  
For he is most happy hath nothing to lose.  
Brave *Cesar*, and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,  
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follows Gander,  
*Nothing* can say to an action of slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,  
Though conquer'd the world, & gave mankind the rout,  
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out,  
Old *Noll* that arose to High-thing from low thing,  
By Brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,  
In seven years space, was both All-things and *nothing*.

*Dick* (*Oliviers* heir) that pitifull slow-thing,  
Who once was invest'd with Purple cloathing,  
Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*.  
If King-killers bold are excluded from blis,  
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)  
Had better been *nothing*, than what now he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewson*, that lately did crawl.  
To lofty degree from a low Coblers stall,  
Did bring all to *nothing*, when *Awl* came to *Awl*.



Your Gallant that rants it in delicate cloathing,  
Though lately he was but a pitifull low thing,  
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,  
When Death doth arrest him and bear him away,  
At the General Barr, will have *nothing* to say,  
Whores that in silk were by Gallants embrac'd,  
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chac'd,  
Thus courting and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.

If any man tax me with weakness of wit,  
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,  
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,  
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,  
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due,  
Cause then 'twas with him as now it's with you,  
He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do.

This very word *nothing* if took the right way,  
May prove advantageous, for what would you say,  
If the Vintner should cry, there's *nothing* to pay.

---

*The Scolding Wife, New Sett by Mr. Akeroy'd.*





Some men they do delight in Hounds,  
 And some in Hawks take pleasure;  
 Others joy in war and wounds,  
 And thereby gain great Treasure:  
 Some they do love on Sea to sail,  
 Others rejoyce in Riding;  
 But all their Judgments do them fail,  
 There's no such Joy as *chiding*.

When soon as day I open mine Eyes,  
 To entertain the Morning;  
 Before my Husband he can rise,  
 I *chide* and proudly scorn him:  
 When at the board I take my place,  
 What ever be the Feasting;  
 I first do *chide* and then say Grace,  
 If so dispos'd to tasting.

Too Fat, too Lean, too Hot, too Cold;  
 I ever am complaining;  
 Too Raw, too Rost, too Young, too Old,  
 I always am disdainning:  
 Let it be Fowl, or Flesh, or Fish,  
 Tho' I am my own Taster;  
 Yet I'll find fault with Meat or Dish,  
 With Maid or with the Master.

But when to Bed I go at Night,  
 I surely fall a Weeping;  
 For then I leave my Great delight,  
 How can I *chide* when Sleeping:  
 Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,  
 And must assuage my sorrow;  
 Although to Night it be too late,  
 Ell Early *chide* to Morrow.

*The Cautious Drinker, New Sett by Mr. Acke-roy'd.*

**M**Y Masters and Friends, who ever intends,  
 To trouble this Room with discourse;  
 You that sit by are as guilty as I,  
 Be your talk the better or worse:  
 Now least you should prate of matters of state,  
 Or any thing else that might hurt us;  
 We rather will drink off our cups to the brink,  
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Suppose you speak clean from the matter you mean,  
 That's not a pin here or there;  
 Yet take this advice, be both merry and wise,  
 Ye know not what Creatures be near:  
 Or suppose that some sot, should lurk in this pot,  
 To scatter out words that might hurt us;  
 To free that same doubt, we'll see all the pot out,  
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

If any man here be in bodily fear,  
Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak;  
Here's Armour of proof shall keep her a loofe,  
Here's Liquor will make a man speak:  
Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,  
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,  
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,  
And then he shall speak to the Purpose.

He that rails at the times, in prose or in rimes,  
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;  
Sings Prophecies strange, and threatens some change,  
And hangs them upon the Queens Tomb:  
He is but a Rayler or Prophecying Taylor,  
To scatter out words that might hurt us,  
Let's talk of no matches. but drink and Sing Catches,  
And then we shall speak to the purpose,

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal,  
His secret thoughts when he bowfes;  
He is but a Widgeon that talks of Religion,  
In Taverns or in tipling houses:  
It is not for us such things to discourse,  
Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;  
But let's begin a new health to our King,  
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

A midst of our blifs 'twill not be a mis,  
To talk of our going home late;  
If Constable Kite or a Pis-pot at night,  
Should chance to be spilt on our pate:  
It were all in vain to rage or complain,  
Or scatter out words that might hurt us,  
'Twere better to trudge home to honest kind *Joan*,  
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

*Old Simon the King.*

**I**N a humour I was late,  
 As many good fellows be;  
 To think of no matters of State,  
 But to seek for good company  
 That best contented me,  
 I travail'd up and down,  
 No company I could find,  
 Till I came to the sight of the Crown;  
 My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,  
 The Maid was ill at ease,  
 The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps,  
 They were all of one disease,  
 Says *Old Simon the King*,

Considering in my mind,  
 And thus I began to think,  
 If a man be full to the Throat  
 And cannot take off his drink,  
 And if his drink will not down,  
 He may hang himself for shame,  
 So may the Tapster at the Crown,  
 Where upon this reason I frame;  
 Drink will make a man drunk,  
 And Drunk will make a man Dry;  
 Dry will make a man sick,  
 And Sick will make a man Die,  
 Says *Old Simon the King*,

If a man should be drunk to night,  
 And laid in his Grave to morrow,

Will you or any man say,  
That he died of Care or sorrow?  
Then hang up sorrow and care,  
'Tis able to kill a Cat,  
And he that will drink all night,  
Is never afraid of that!  
For drinking will make a man Quaff,  
Quaffing will make a man Sing;  
Singing will make a man Laugh,  
And Laughing long-life doth brink,  
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry,  
Dear brother it is a Sin,  
To drink unless you be dry,  
Then strait this tale I begin,  
A Puritan left his Can,  
And took him to his Jugg,  
And there he play'd the man,  
As long as he could tugg:  
But when that he was spy'd,  
What, did he swear or rail?  
No truly, Dear Brother he cry'd,  
Indeed all flesh is frail,  
Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'll be Drunk,  
Of frailty it is a sin,  
Or for to keep a Punk,  
Or play at In and In;  
For drink and Dice and Drabs,  
Are all of one condition,  
And will breed want and Scabs,  
In spite of the Physician:  
Who so fears every Grass,  
Must never piss in a Meadow,  
And he that loves a Pot and a Laff,  
Must never cry Oh my head, oh!  
Says Old *Simon* the King.



*The Gelding of the Devil, by Dick the Baker of  
Mansfield Town.*



**N**OW listen a while and I will you tell,  
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;  
And *Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,*  
To *Manchester* market he was bound,  
And under a Grove of Willows clear,  
This *Baker* rid on with a merry chear:  
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,  
And there he met the Devil of Hell.



Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,  
How came thy Horse so fair and fat?  
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,  
Because his stones were cut away.  
For he that will have a Gelding free,  
Both fair and lusty he must be:  
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,  
Thou shalt geld me before thou do'st go.

Go tie thy Horse unto a tree,  
And with thy knife come and geld me.  
The Baker had a knife of Iron and Steel,  
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.  
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,  
Fit for to cut any manner of stones:  
The Baker being lighted from his Horse,  
Cut the Devil stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil beshrow thy heart,  
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;  
For gelding of me thou art not quit,  
For I mean to geld thee this same day sevensnight.  
The Baker hearing the words he said,  
Within his heart was sore afraid,  
He hied him to the next market town,  
To sell his bread both white and brown:

And when the market was done that Day,  
The Baker went home another way,  
Unto his wife he then did tell,  
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:  
Nay, a wondrous word I heard him say,  
He would geld me next market day;  
Therefore wife I stand in doubt,  
I'd rather, quoth she thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck bone,  
Then for to lose any manner of stone,  
For why 'twill be a loathsome thing,  
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding; Thus

Thus they continu'd both in fear,  
 Untill the next market day drew near.  
 Well quoth the good Wife, well I wot,  
 Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat,

Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,  
 And I like a man to the Market will go:  
 Then up she got her all in haste,  
 With all her bread upon her beaft;  
 And when she came to the hill side,  
 There she saw two Devils abide,  
 A little Devil and another,  
 Lay playing under the Hill side together.

Oh! quoth the Devil without any fain,  
 Yonder comes the Baker again;  
 Beeft thou well Baker, or beeft thou wo,  
 I mean to geld thee before thou dost go,  
 These were the words the Woman did say,  
 Good Sir I was gelded but yesterday;  
 Oh quoth the Devil that I will see,  
 And he pluckt her cloths above her knee.

And looking upward from the ground,  
 There he spied a grievous wound:  
 Oh (quoth the Devil) what might he be?  
 For he was not cunning that gelded thee,  
 For when he had cut away the stones clean,  
 He should have sowed up the hole agan;  
 He call'd the little Devil to him anon,  
 And bid him look to that same man.

Whilst he went into some private Place,  
 To fetch some salve in a little space,  
 The great Devil was gone but a little way,  
 But upon her belly there crept a flea;  
 The little Devil he soon spied that,  
 He up with his paw and gave her a pat:  
 With that the woman began to start,  
 And out she thrust a most horrible fart.      Whoop!

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come again I  
[pray,

For here's another hole broke, by my fay;  
The great Devil, he came running in haft,  
Within his heart was fore aghast.  
Fough quoth the Devil thou art not sound,  
Thou stinckest so fore above the ground,  
Thy life days sure cannot be long,  
Thy breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.

The hole is cut so near the bone,  
There is no solve can stick thereon,  
And therefore, *Baker*, I stand in doubt,  
That all thy bowels will fall out:  
Therefore *Baker* hie thee away,  
And in this place no longer stay.

---

A SONG, Sung in the last Revived Comedy  
call'd The Virtuouse VVife, Acted at the Thea-  
try Royal. The Words by Mr. 'Durfey, Set  
by Mr. Toller.





**T**He Sages of old,  
 In Prophecy told ;  
 The cause of a Nations undoing :  
     But the true *English* breed,  
     No Prophets do need,  
 For each man here seeks his own ruin .  
     By grumbling and Jars,  
     We promote civil Wars ;  
 And preach up false Tenets to many,  
     We snarl, and we bite,  
     We rail, and we fight  
 For Religion, yet no man has any.

    Then him let's commend,  
     That's true to his Friend ;  
 And a Miss that can Wittily prattle :  
     That delights not in Blood,  
     But draws when he shou'd :  
 And bravely ne'er shrinks from a Battle ;  
     That rails not at Kings,,  
     Nor at Politick things ;  
 Nor Treason does speak when he's mellow,  
     But takes a full Glas,  
     To his Masters success,  
 This, this is the honest brave Fellow.

To a Friend who desired no more than to admire  
the Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia.



**T**hough *Sylvia's* Eyes a flame could raise,  
More fit for wonder than for praise;  
And though her wit were clear and high,  
That 'twere resistless as her Eye;  
Yet without Love she still shall find,  
I'm deaf to one, to th' other blind.

Those Fools that think Beauty can prove  
A cause sufficient for their Love,  
I wish they never may have more,  
To try how Looks can cure their sore:  
'Tis such the Sex so high have set,  
They take it not for gift, but debt.

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,  
The god of it would not be Blind;  
Nor would the pleasure of it be  
So often in obscurity:

No, to know Joys each sense hath right,  
Equal at least to that of Sight.

The gods, who knew the noblest part  
In Love, sought not the Mind, but heart;  
And when hurt by the winged Boy,  
What they admir'd, they did enjoy;  
Knowing a Kindness Love could prove  
The hope, reward, and cure of Love.

I'll rather my Affections keep  
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in sleep,  
Than cast away an hour of Care  
On any, 'cause she's only fair:  
Nay, Sleep more pleasing Dreams do move  
Than are your waking ones of Love.

The Frensie's less love to endure,  
Than after to decline the Cure;  
Yet you do both, aiming no higher  
Than for to see, and to admire,  
An Idol you'll not only frame,  
But you will too adore the same.

Had therein *Silvia* nothing shin'd,  
But the unseen charms of her Mind,  
You would have had the like esteem  
For her that I have still for them:  
If flesh and blood your flame inspire,  
Then make those only your desire.

And Friend, that you may clearly prove  
'Tis not her Mind alone you love;  
Let her 'twixt us her self impart,  
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart:  
As little cause then you will find  
As I do now, to love her Mind.



*Cælia's Complaint.*



**P**oor *Calia* once was very fair,  
A quick bewitching Eye she had;  
Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,  
Her dainty Cheek would make you mad;  
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,  
And on her Breasts ten Thousand *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,  
From Seventeen to Twenty one;  
Each told her of his mighty flame,  
But she forsooth affected none:  
One was not Handsom, th' other was not Fine;  
This of Tabaco smelt, and that of Wine.

But t' other day it was my fate  
To walk along that way alone;  
I saw no Coach before her gate,  
But at her door I heard her mone;  
She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,  
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.



## Amyntor's Welladay.



**C**hloris now thou art fled away,  
 Amyntor's sheep are gone astray;  
 And all the joy he took to see,  
 His pretty Lambs run after thee,  
 Is gone, is gone, and he alone,  
 Sings nothing now but welladay, welladay.

His Oaten pipe that in thy praise  
 Was wont to play such roundelays,  
 Is thrown away, and not a swain  
 Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;  
 'Tis death for any now to say  
 One word to him but welladay.

The Maypole where thy little feet  
 So roundly did in measures meet,  
 Is broken down, and no content  
 Comes near Amyntor since you went.  
 All that I ever heard him say  
 Was Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread  
He ever since hath laid his head,  
And whisper'd there such pining woe,  
As not a blade of grafs will grow;  
O *Chloris*! *Chloris*! come away,  
And hear *Amyntor's* welladay.

*A Lady to a young Courtier.*



**L**ove thee! Good Sooth, Not I;  
I've somewhat else to doe:  
Alas! you must go learn to talk,  
Before you learn to wooe.  
Nay fie, stand off, go too, go too.

Because you're in the fashion,  
And newly come to Court,  
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators  
T'invite us to the Sport?  
Ha ha, who will not jeer thee for't!

Ne'er look so sweetly, Youth,  
Nor fiddle with your Band,  
We know you trim your borrow'd Curls  
To shew your pretty Hand;  
But tis too young for to command.

Go practise how to jeer,  
 And think each word a Jest,  
 That's the Court wit : Alas ! you're out  
 To think when finely drest,  
 You please me or the Ladies best.

And why so confident !  
 Because that lately we  
 Have brought another lofty word,  
 Unto our pedigree ?  
 Your inside seems the worse to me.

Mark how Sir *Whackam* fools ;  
 I marry there's a Wit  
 Who cares not what he says or swears  
 So Ladies laugh at it ;  
 Who can deny such blades a bit ?

*A description of Chloris.*



**H**Ave you e'er seen the morning Sun,  
From fair *Aurora's* bosom run?  
Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed,  
The Essences of White and Red?  
Then you may boast, for you have seen,  
My Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

Have you e're pleas'd your skilful ears  
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?  
Have you e're heard the Syrens sing,  
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?  
If so, be happy and rejoyce,  
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voice.

Have you e're smelt what Chymick skill  
From Rose or Amber doth distill?  
Have you been near that sacrifice  
The Phoenix makes before she dies?  
Then you can tell ( I do presume )  
My *Chloris* is the worlds perfume.

Have you e're tasted what the Bee  
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?  
Or did you ever taste that meat  
Which Poets say the Gods did eat?  
O then I will no longer doubt  
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

## Amyntor's Dream.



**A**S sad *Amyntor* in a Meadow lay,  
 Slumbring upon a bed of new-made Hay,  
 A Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes,  
 Whereat he wakes, and thus *Amyntor* crys;  
*Chloris* where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! she's fled,  
 And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Heark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain  
 To stop her course, and beat her back again:  
 Heark how the heavens chide her in her way  
 For robbing poor *Amyntor* of his joy:  
 And yet she comes not *Chloris*, O! she's fled,  
 And left *Amyntor* to a loathed bed.

Come

Come *Chloris* come, see where *Amyntor* lies,  
Just as you left him, but with sadder Eyes ;  
Bring back that heart which thou hast stoln from me,  
That Lovers may record thy Constancy:  
O no she will not, *Chloris*, O she's fled!  
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

O lend me ( Love ) thy wings that I may fly  
Into her bosom, take my leave, and die :  
What comfort have I now ith' world since she  
That was my world of joy is gone from me,  
My Love, my *Chloris* : *Chloris*, O she's fled,  
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

Awake *Amyntor* from this dream, for she  
Hath too much goodness to be false to thee :  
Think on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,  
And those will quickly satisfie thy fears.  
No no, *Amyntor*, *Chloris* is not fled,  
But will return into thy longing Bed.

---

A SONG.





**C**alm was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky,  
 And the sweet budding Flowers did spring;  
 When all alone went *Amyntor*, and I,  
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;  
 I sate and he laid him down by me,  
 And scarcely his breath he could draw:  
 But when with a fear he began to come near,  
 He was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,  
 His modesty curb'd his desire;  
 But strait I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,  
 And added new flames to his fire:  
 Ah, *Sylvia*! said he, you are cruel,  
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;  
 Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast  
 But was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear,  
 And therefore I pity'd his case;  
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,  
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face:  
 But as we grew bolder and bolder,  
 A Shepherd came by us and saw:  
 And straight as our blifs we began with a kiss,  
 He laught out with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.



A SONG.



**T**Hus all our lives long we're frolick and gay,  
 And instead of Court Revels we merrily play,  
 At Trap and Kettles, at Barly-break run,  
 At Goff and at Stool-ball, and when we have done  
 These innocent sports, we laugh and lie down,  
 And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,  
 The Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry;  
 The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,  
 And the little pretty Lark betray with a glass:  
*And when we have done, &c.*

About the May-pole we dance all a round,  
 And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd;  
 Our

Our little kind tribute we merrily pay  
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.  
*And when we have done, &c.*

With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,  
What others but dream of we daily enjoy;  
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find  
Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind.  
*And when we have done we laugh and lye down,  
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.*

## A SONG.



**W** Here ever I am, or what ever I do,  
My *Phillis* is still in my mind ;  
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,  
My feet of themselves the way find ;  
Unknown to my self. I am just at her door,  
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more ;  
Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind :  
Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my Breast,  
And the Love I would stifle is show'n :  
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,  
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone.  
Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind ;  
But alas ! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,  
Then I sigh to my self all alone !  
Then I sigh to my self all alone !

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,  
He should offer his treasure in vain ;  
O let me alone to be happy and poor,  
And give me my *Phillis* again :  
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,  
I could to a Desert with her be confin'd ;  
And envy no Monarch his reign.  
And envy no Monarch his reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love ;  
And she too well knows her own pow'r :  
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,  
And makes me grow jealous each hour.  
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,  
I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,  
Than ever be freed from her pow'r :  
Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

## A SONG.



**H**OW unhappy a Lover am I,  
 Whilst I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain :  
 All my hopes of delight, are another Man's right ;  
 Who is happy whilst I am in pain ;  
 Since her honour affords no relief,  
 But to pity the pains which you bear ;  
 'Tis the best of your fate, in a hopeless estate,  
 To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain ;  
 Yet I wish what I hope not to win :  
 From without my desire has no food to its fire,  
 But it burns and consumes me within.

Yet

Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know  
That you are not unhappy alone:  
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,  
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

O you Pow'rs! let me suffer for both,  
At the feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie:  
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,  
To be pity'd by her when I die.  
What her honour deny'd you in life,  
In her death she will give to her love:  
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,  
When the souls do meet closer above.

A SONG.



As

AS I walk'd in the Woods, one Ev'ning of late,  
 A Lass was deploring her hapless estate;  
 In a languishing posture, poor Maid, she appears,  
 All swell'd with her Sighs, and blubb'd with her Tears.  
 She Cry'd and she Sobb'd, and I found it was all,  
 For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

'At last she broke out, Wretched, she said,  
 Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid,  
 With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,  
 Without which, alas, poor I cannot live!  
 Shall I never leave sighing, and crying and call,  
 For a little of that, &c.

At first when I saw a Young man in the place,  
 My colour would fade, and then flush in my face,  
 My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o'er,  
 My breast never popp'd up and down so before:  
 I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all  
 For a little of that, &c.

## A S O N G.





**B**eneath a Mirtle shade,  
Which Love for none but Lovers made.  
I slept, and freight my Love before me brought,  
*Phillis* the Object of my waking thought ;  
Undrest she came, my flames to meet ;  
Whilst Love strew'd flow'rs beneath her Feet,  
So prest by her, became, became more sweet.

From the bright Visions head,  
A careless veil of Lawn was loosely spread ;  
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,  
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair :  
Her Hands, Her Lips, did Love inspire,  
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire ;  
But most her Eyes, that languish'd with desire,

Ah, charming Fair, said I,  
How long can you my bliss and yours deny :  
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade  
Was for revenge of suff'ring Lovers made,  
Silence and shades with Love agree,  
Both shelter you, and favour me ;  
You cannot Blush, because I cannot see.



No, let me die, she said,  
 Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid;  
 Faintly she spoke, me-thought, for all the while  
 She bid me not believe her with a smile.  
 Then die said I, she still deny'd;  
 And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,  
 You use a harmless Maid? and so she dy'd.

I wak't, and straight I knew  
 I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true:  
 Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,  
 Fancy had done what *Phyllis* would not do,  
 Ah, cruel Nymph cease your disclaim,  
 While I can dream you scorn in vain,  
 Asleep, or waking you most ease my pain.

---

A S O N G.



**M**Ethinks the poor Town has been troubled too long,  
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;  
By Fools who, at once, can both Love and despair;  
And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair.  
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express,  
The truth that I know of Bonny Black *Bess*.

This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,  
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;  
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her  
[Waist,  
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:  
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest;  
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the best.

The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown,  
At home The subdu'd in her Paragon gown;  
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,  
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit:  
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever she comes,  
And beat day and night, like my Lord—s Drums.

But to those who have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms,  
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;  
And to every Beauty can add a new grace,  
Having learn'd how to lispe, and trip in her pace:  
And with head on one side, and a languishing Eye,  
To Kill us with looking as if she would die.

## A SONG.



O The time that is past,  
 When she held me so fast;  
 And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last;  
 When no light, but her languishing Eyes did appear,  
 To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd,  
 With such trembling and hast,  
 As if she had long'd to be closer imbrac'd;  
 My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,  
 While my mind was in search of hid treasure imploy'd.

My Heart set on fire,  
 With the flames of desire;  
 I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require:  
 But she cry'd for pity-sake, change your ill mind,  
 Pray *Amyntas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear *Amyntas*, she cries,  
 Then casts down her eyes;

And

And in Kisses she gives what in words she denies:  
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,  
Till her freer consent had more sweetned the prey.

But too late I begun,  
For her passion was done;  
Now *Amyntas*, she cries, I will never be won:  
Your tears and your courtship no pity can move,  
For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.

---

*Dorinda Lamenting the loss of her Amyntas.*



**A** Dieu to the Pleasures and follies of Love,  
 For a Passion more Noble my Fancy does move;  
 My Shepherd is Dead, and I live to proclaim,  
 In sorrowfull Notes, my *Amintas* his Name:  
 The Wood-Nymphs reply, when they hear me com-  
 Thou never shalt see thy *Amintas* again: [plain,  
 For Death has befriended him,  
 Fate has defended him;  
 None, none alive is so happy a swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs, that have danc'd to his lays,  
 Come help me to sing forth *Amyntas* his Praise;  
 No Swain for the Garland durst with him dispute,  
 So sweet were his Notes while he sang to his Lute:  
 Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue,  
 To weave him a Garland of Cypress, and Yew:  
 For Life hath forsaken him,  
 Death hath o'er-taken him;  
 No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate,  
 I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late;  
 You Echoes, and Fountains, my witnesses prove,  
 How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love:  
 And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,  
 This favour I never will cease to Implore;  
 That now I may go above,  
 And there enjoy my Love;  
 Then, Then, I never will part with him more

*The Town Gallant.*



**L** Et us Drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoyce,  
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;  
The

The changeable world to our Joy is unjust,  
 All Treasure's uncertain, then down with your Dust :  
 In Frolicks dispose your Pounds, Shillings and Pence,  
 For we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

We'll Kiss and be free with *Mall, Betty, and Nelly,*  
 Have Oysters, and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly ;  
 Fish Dinners will make a Lass spring like a Flea,  
 Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea.  
 With *Bacchus* and with her we'll tickle the sense,  
 For we shall be past it a Hundred years hence.

Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her  
 That her Honesty sells for a Hogo of Honour ; (dor,  
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splen-  
 That none but the Stars are thought fit to attend her,  
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
 Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

The Usurer, that in the hundred takes twenty,  
 Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty ;  
 Lays up for a season which he shall ne'er see,  
 The Year of One thousand eight hundred and three.  
 His wit and his wealth, his law-learning and sense,  
 Shall be turned to nothing a hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by Subtilty thrives,  
 In spinning out Suits to the length of three lives ;  
 Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in slavery,  
 Whilst Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knav'ry.  
 May boast of his subtilty in th' Present Tense,  
 But *Non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,  
 Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears ;  
 Let's eat, drink and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,  
 'Tis certain that *post mortem nulla Voluptas*.

I let's deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence  
 Have Broods to succeed us a hundred year hence.



A SONG.



**L**et's Love and let's Laugh,  
 Let's Dance and let's Sing,  
 While shrill Echoes ring ;  
 Our Wishes agree,  
 And from Care we are free ;  
 Then who is so happy, so happy as we ?

We'll press the soft Grass,  
 Each Swain with his Lass,  
 And follow the Chase ;  
 When weary we be,  
 We'll sleep under a Tree ;  
 Then who his so happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud  
 No Shepherds betray'd,  
 Or Cheats the fond Maid ;  
 No false subtle Knee  
 To decieve us we see ;  
 Then who is so happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,  
 They cannot be poor  
 That wish for no more ;  
 Some richer may be,  
 And of higher degree ;  
 But none are so happy, &c.

## A SONG.



**L** Et the daring Advent'ers be toss'd on the Main,  
 And for Riches no dangers decline ;  
 Tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,  
 They can bring us no Treasure like Wine :  
 Th'o with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,  
 They can bring us no Treasures like Wine.

Enough of such Wealth would a Beggar enrich,  
 And supply great wants in a King :  
 'Twould smooth all the Grievs in a comfortless wretch,  
 And inspire weeping Captives to sing.  
 'Twould smooth, &c.

'There's none that groans under a burdensom Life,  
 If this Sovereign Balm he gains.  
 This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,  
 And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.  
 This will make, &c.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,  
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:  
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,  
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.  
There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,  
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine:  
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;  
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.  
Without it we're, &c.

---

A SONG.



**P** *Astora's* Beauties when un blown,  
 E're yet the tender Bud did cleave,  
 To my more early Love were known,  
 Their fatal Pow'r I did perceive.  
 How often in the dead of Night,  
 When all the World lay hush'd in sleep,  
 Have I thought this my chief delight,  
 To sigh for you, for you to weep?

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white,  
 No Letter yet did ever stain:  
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,  
 The fair *Pastora* here must Reign.  
 Her Eyes, those darling Suns, shall prove  
 Thy Love to be of noblest Race;  
 Which took its flight so far above  
 All Humane things, on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise;  
 A Love that was infus'd by you;  
 You gave Breath to its Infant sighs,  
 And all its Griefs that did ensue.  
 The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,  
 How long shall I of that complain;  
 Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,  
 And take away the tort'ring pain.

---

A SONG.





**H**ail to the Myrtle shade,  
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Field;  
 Kings will not here invade,  
 Tho' Vertue all Freedom yields,  
 Beauty here opens her Arms,  
 To soften the languishing Mind;  
 And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms:  
 Ah *Phillis* ! ah ! why so kind ?

*Phillis* the Soul of Love,  
 The Joy of Neighbouring Swains ;  
*Phillis* that Crowns the Groves,  
 And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains :  
*Phillis* that ne'er had the skill,  
 To Paint or to Patch, or be fine ;  
 Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill,  
 Whom Nature has made Divine.

*Phillis*, whose charming Tongue,  
 Makes Labour and Pain a delight ;  
*Phillis* that makes the Day young,  
 And shortens the live-long Night.  
*Phillis* whose Lips like May,  
 Still laugh at the sweets that they bring.  
 Where Love never knew decay,  
 But sets with Eternal Spring.

## The Claret Bottle.



A Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late,  
 What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State?  
 Let the Rable run mad with Suspensions and Fears;  
 Let 'em Scuffle and Jarr 'till they go by the Ears:  
 Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,  
 So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their  
 And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs? <sup>[Ease,</sup>  
 At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,  
 Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, & their King:  
 A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,  
 H'as no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,  
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as His Majesty please;  
Let 'em Damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine  
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine.  
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear  
To Curse 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate  
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State.  
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,  
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.  
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be  
As free from all care and all trouble as we,

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,  
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and *Monfieur d'Avaux*;  
What concerns it my Drinking if *Cassall* be sold,  
If the Conquerour takes it by Storming or Gold.  
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the place that I mind,  
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,  
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own:  
Let him fight and be damn'd and make Matches & treat,  
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chat,  
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,  
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;  
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat:  
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat;  
No I swear Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that.  
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,  
This is the Profession that never will alter.



## A SONG.



**R** Anging the Plain one Summers night,  
 To pass a vacant hour ;  
 I fortunately chanc'd to light,  
 On lovely *Phyllis* Bow'r:  
 The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms,  
 In expectation sate,  
 To meet those Joys in *Strephon's* Arms,  
 Which Tongue cannot relate.

Up.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,  
Her Breast did gently rise;  
That e'ry Lover might have read,  
Her wishes in her Eyes:  
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,  
She suddenly would start;  
A cold on all her Body seiz'd,  
A trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well she Lov'd,  
Beyond his hour had stay'd;  
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd  
The melancholy Maid:  
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore,  
He would be here by One;  
But now alas! 'tis Six and more,  
And yet he is not come.

---

*A SONG.*

**T**He Night her blackest Sable wore,  
 And gloomy were the Skies;  
 And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,  
 Than those in *Stella's* Eyes:  
 When at her Fathers Gate I knock'd,  
 Where I had often been;  
 And shrowded only with her Smock,  
 The fair one let me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,  
 She trembling lay a-sham'd;  
 Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,  
 And every touch inflam'd:  
 My eager Passion I obey'd,  
 Resolv'd the Fort to win;  
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,  
 To yield and let me in.

Then! then! beyond expressing,  
 Immortal was the Joy;  
 I knew no greater blessing,  
 So great a God was I:  
 And she transported with delight,  
 Oft pray'd me come again;  
 And kindly vow'd that every night,  
 She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,  
 And sighing fate, and dull;  
 And I that was as much concern'd,  
 Look'd then just like a Fool:  
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o'er,  
 Repenting her rash Sin;  
 She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,  
 That e'er she let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such Beauty part?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave,  
 The Charmer of my Heart.

But

But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,  
Thus all was well again;  
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,  
That e'er she let me in.

---

*On Marriage.*



**H**E that is resolv'd to wed,  
And be by th' Nose by Woman led,  
Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;  
For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,  
If that she be inclin'd to strife,  
Will find a man shrill Musick all his life,  
*Will find a Man, &c.*

If he approach her when she's next,  
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,]

*He's*

He's sure to have enough of what comes next;  
 And by our Grammar Rules we see,  
 Two different Genders can't agree,  
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,  
*Nor without, &c.*

Yet this by none can be deny'd,  
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much belyed,  
 Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:  
 And this convenience Woman brings,  
 That when her angry mood begins,  
 The Husband never wants a sight of's Sins,  
*The Husband never, &c.*

If he by chance offend the least,  
 His Pennance shall be well encreast,  
 She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast;  
 And when's Confession he is framing,  
 She will not fail to make's Examen,  
 He has nothing else to doe, but to say *Amen.*  
*He has nothing, &c.*

---

A SONG.



**A** Curse on all Cares,  
and popular Fears,  
Come let's to the Bell,  
For their Wine there drinks well;  
There take off our Glafs,  
Nay, it shall not one pass:

Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,  
Since Wine does encrease and there's Claret good store.*

Come fill up your Wine,  
Look, fill it like mine,  
Here Boys, I begin,  
A good Health to the King;  
Jack, see it go round,  
Whilst with Mirth we abound:

Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,  
Since Wine, &c,*

Nay, don't us deceive,  
Why this will you leave?  
The Glafs is not big,  
What-a-pox, you're no Whig;  
Come drink up the rest,  
Or be Merry at least:

Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,  
Since Wine, &c.*

---

*A SONG.*





**B**elieve me *Fenny* for I tell you true,  
 These sighs these Sobs, these Tears are all for you;  
 Can you mistrustfull of my Passion prove,  
 When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?  
     It's not enough, you cruel Fair,  
     To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?  
 At least, that rigid Sentence spare;  
     Nor say that I first caus'd you to Disdain.

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,  
 Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;  
 Let not Dissimulation's baser Art,  
 Stifle the busie Passion of your Heart:  
     Let, let the Candor of your Mind,  
     Now with your Beauty equal prove;  
 Which I believe ne'er yet design'd,  
     The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.



A SONG.



A Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and precise,  
 Who past the Delight  
 We enjoy each night,  
 Give Counsel, instruct us, to be counted more wise;  
 When Nature excites,  
 And Beauty invites,  
 Let us follow, let us follow our own appetites.

The brisk vigour of Youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,  
 The force of Desires  
 Which kind Love inspires,  
 Are too powerfull Motives, and can't be withstood:  
 If Love be a Crime,  
 We're yet in our Prime;  
 Let's never grow wise, and repent e'er our time.

Then

Then we'll boldly go on whil'st we're lusty and strong,  
 Whil'st fit for the Task  
 Of a Vizard Mask,  
 And still be as happy as still we are young :  
 Whil'st the impotent Sot  
 Rails, curses his Lot,  
 And being past his Pleasures, would have 'em forgot.

## A SONG.



**Y**E happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind,  
 Teach me the Art of Love ;  
 That I the like success may find,  
 My Shepherdess to move :

Long

Long have I strove to win her Heart,  
But yet alas! in vain;  
For she still acts one cruel part,  
Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure,  
Consumes my Life away;  
Ten thousand Tortures I endure,  
Languishing night and day:  
Yet she regardless of my Grief,  
Looks on her dying Slave;  
And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,  
To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?  
I'm punish'd so severe;  
Tell me, that I may expiate;  
With a repenting Tear:  
But if you have resolv'd, that I,  
No Mercy shall obtain;  
Let her persist in Tyranny,  
And cure by Death my Pain.

---

A S O N G.





**M**Y Life and my Death, are both in your pow'r,  
 I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour ;  
 Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,  
 But alas! that's too kind for me ever to prove:  
 Could you guess with what pain my poor Heart is op-  
 [prest,  
 I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous I do hourly rove,  
 Thus sighing and musing, 'tis all for my Love ;  
 No place I can find that does yield me Relief,  
 My Soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:  
 But when my kind Stars let me see him, (oh then!)  
 I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.

---

### A SONG.





**A**S *May* in all her youthfull Dress,  
 My Love so gay did once appear;  
 A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,  
 And Roses did inhabit there:  
 Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,  
 Each night new Pleasures did create;  
 Harmonious words dropp'd from her Tongue,  
 And *Cupid* on her Forehead sate.

But as the Sun to West declines,  
 The Eastern Sky does colder grow;  
 And all its blushing Looks resigns,  
 To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:  
 While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,  
 My *Cloe* then was kind and gay;  
 But when by time I lost the Charm,  
 Her smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

## A SONG.



**W**Eep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,  
 For *Strephon's* now no more;  
 Your Tresses spread before the Wind,  
 A leave the hated Shoar:  
 See, see, upon the craggy Rocks,  
 Each Goddess stripp'd appears;  
 They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,  
 And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal hour,  
 When this poor Youth was born,  
 Had sworn by *Stryx* to shew his Power,  
 He'd kill a man e'er morn:

for

For *Strepbon's* Breast he arm'd his Dart,  
And watch'd him as he came ;  
He cry'd and shot him through the Heart,  
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On *Stella's* Lap he laid his Head,  
And looking in her Eyes,  
He cry'd Remember when I am dead,  
That I deserv'd the Prize :  
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,  
He sigh'd, You love, 'tis true ;  
You love perhaps a better Man,  
But ah ! he loves not you.

A SONG.





O H Mother *Roger* with his Kisses,  
 Almost stopt my breath I vow!  
 Why does he gripe my Hand to pieces,  
 And yet he says he loves me too?  
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do,  
 pray now do, pray now do!  
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do,  
 pray now, pray now, pray now do,  
 What *Roger* means when he does so?  
 For never stir I long to know.

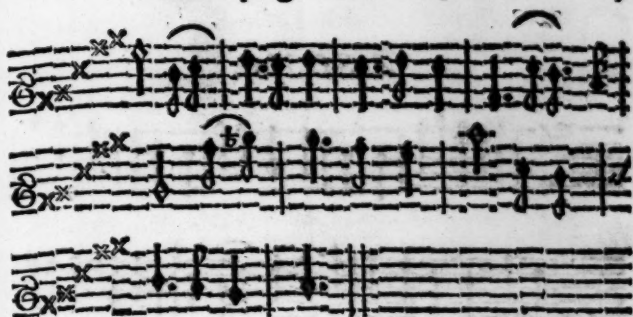
Nay more, the naughty man beside it  
 Something in my Mouth did put;  
 I call'd him Beast, and try'd to bite it,  
 But for my life I cannot do't:  
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do, &c.  
 For never stir I long to know.

He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,  
 Where I feel I know not what;  
 Something I never felt in yours,  
 Pray tell me Mother what is that?  
 Tell me Mother what is that?  
 For never stir I long to know.

---

A SONG.





**Y**our Gamester, provok'd by his Loss, may forswear,  
And rayl against Play, yet can never forbear;  
Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won,  
In passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain,  
Of those fatal wounds which Love gets by disdain;  
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,  
To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers agen.

*Clarissa*, I live on the hopes of my Love,  
Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;  
In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,  
And rout all your Forces in Arms to destroy me.

My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this cast,  
To make me a savor for all my Life past;  
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,  
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

## A SONG.



**H**ow lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,  
 When the Spirits are strong, & the Fancy not cloy'd!  
 We admire every Part, tho' never so plain,  
 Which when throughly possesst, we quickly disdain.

So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,  
 For when we are at it, we foolishly prate  
 What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit,  
 But next morning's Pains our Pleasure do quit.

But Music's a Pleasure, that tires not so soon,  
 'Tis Pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcom at Noon;  
 'Tis charming at Nights, to sing *Catches* in Parts,  
 It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoyces our Hearts.

But Music alone, without Women and Wine,  
 Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;  
 Therefore by consent we'll enjoy them all three,  
 Wine and Music for you, and the Women for me.

A SONG.



**F**airest Work of happy Nature,  
 Sweet without dissembling Art;  
 Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,  
 Cruel only in a Heart:  
 View the Beauties of the Morning,  
 Where no sullen Clouds appear;  
 Graces there, are less adorning,  
 Than below, when *Celia's* there.

Ev'ry Tuneful Breast confesses,  
 Sounds by you improve their Power;  
 Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses,  
 Humbly tells us his Amour;  
 Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,  
 Faithful *Strepson* ne'er denies;  
 Such a Treasure in possessing,  
 All the Bills of Love supplies.

L

Yet

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,  
 Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue;  
 Ever finding a Denial,  
 Where my softest Love was true:  
 But my Heart knows no retreating,  
 No decay can ease my Pain;  
 Love allows of no defeating,  
 Tho' the Prize is sought in vain.

For if e're my *Celia's* Treasure,  
 Must her Virgin Sweets resign;  
 Love shall flow with equal Measure,  
 And I'll boldly call her mine:  
 'Till her panting wedded Lover,  
 Grown uneasy by my Claim;  
 Leaves me freely to discover  
 Golden Coasts without a Name.

---

A SONG.



**S** *Abina*, in the dead of Night,  
 In restless Slumbers wishing lay;  
*Cynthia* was Bawd, and her clear Light,  
 To loose Desires did lead the way:  
 I Rep'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,  
 And sure *Sabina* saw,  
 And sure *Sabina* saw,  
 And sure *Sabina* saw,  
 I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,  
 Which did her whiter body keep;  
 But still the nearer I was drawn,  
 Methought the faster she did sleep:  
 I call'd *Sabina* softly in her Ear,  
 And sure *Sabina* heard, but would not hear.

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all)  
 Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy,  
 Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,  
 to search for hidden Treasury:  
 So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heel,  
 And sure *Sabina* felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,  
 And she without a Blush receives;  
 As by Dissembling most are coy,  
 She by Dissembling freely gives:  
 ♪ For you may safely say, nay, swear it too,  
*Sabina* she did hear,  
*Sabina* she did see,  
*Sabina* she did feel,  
 She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss, and do.

## A SONG.



**W**Hy is your faithful Slave disdain'd?  
 By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd!  
 Oh, keep it by the same!  
 For ever shall my Passion last,  
 If you will make me once possess,  
 Of what I dare not name.

Though charming are your Wit and Face,  
 'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,  
 That will suffice my Flame;  
 Love's Infancy on hopes may live,  
 But you to mine full grown must give,  
 Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,  
 Those Snowy Breasts that fall and rise,  
 Fanning my raging Flame;  
 That Shape so made to be imbrac't,  
 What would I give, I might but taste  
 Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wish to rise,  
 Both Wealth and Honour I despise,  
 And that vain Breath, call'd Fame;  
 By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,  
 'Tis something more I would obtain,  
 'Tis that I dare not name.

A  
 Wh  
 Upo  
 Her  
 Like



A SONG.



A Gentle Breeze from the *Lavinian* Sea,  
 Was gliding o'er the Coast of *Sicily*;  
 When lull'd with soft Repose, a Prostrate maid,  
 Upon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head:  
 Her Soul was all tranquil and smooth with Rest,  
 Like the harmonious Slumbers of the Blest;

L 3

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd up in silence, innocent she lay,  
And press'd the Flow'rs with touch as soft as they.

My Thoughts, in gentlest Sounds, she did impart,  
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art;  
And as I sung, I grasp'd her yielding Thighs,  
'Till broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs:  
I kiss'd, and wish'd, and forrag'd all her Store,  
Yet wallowing in the Pleasure, I was poor;  
No kind Relief my Agonies could ease,  
I groan'd, and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The trembling Nymph all o'er Confusion lay,  
Her melting Looks in sweet disorder play;  
Her Colour varies, and her Breath's oppress'd,  
And all her Faculties are dispossest'd.  
At last impetuously her Pulses move;  
She gives a mighty loose to stifled Love;  
Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,  
Alas! and thus in soft convulsions dies.

### A SONG.

**W**hen Money has done what e're it can,  
And round about run to pleasure a Man,  
Whose Life's but a span;  
With worldly Joys, and the glitt'ring Toys,  
Which do make such a noise;  
As confound all advice, that's given by the Wife,  
And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miseries,  
And there do leave him.

Then the World which before,  
For his Store did adore him,  
Streight seems afraid of one decay'd,  
And him upbraid of the Wealth,  
Which each by's Trade, did before deceive him;  
But when the Mortal sees his own undoing,  
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a going,  
Then

Then he sighs and moans,  
And then he pines and groans;  
At last he craves, his Friends deny,  
At which he raves, and swears he'll die,  
And thus he cries,  
He ne'er was wise,  
Untill in Misery he dies;  
And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,  
Fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*

---

*A SONG.*



**P**retty *Armeda* will be kind,  
When at her feet you prostrate lie ;  
No cruel Looks was e're design'd,  
To dwell within her charming Eye:  
Gaze on her Face, and ev'ry Part,  
That is expos'd to your view ;  
You'll presently conclude her Heart  
To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,  
You may not think that without pain ;  
And some Attendance on her Will,  
So rich a Prize you shall obtain:  
Wooers like Angling-Men, must wait  
Woman's time, and give them play,  
'Till she has swallow'd well the Bate,  
Before she will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armeda's* Looks be kind,  
And you read Yielding in her Eyes ;  
Yet you, alas ! may quickly find,  
Those Charms do nought but tantalize :  
Her Heart may not so easie be  
As you imagin, but may prove  
As hard as Adamant to thee,  
And proof against the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,  
Make Tryal of, Sir, if you please ;  
Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,  
And beg of her Relief and Ease:  
But she'll not hear you, for she spies  
That underneath your gilded Bate ;  
A crafty Hook inclosed lies,  
So from your Angle she'll retreat.

A SONG.



I Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd,  
 Long sighing, and complaining,  
 While me she shunn'd and disapprov'd,  
 Another entertaining:  
 Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,  
 No favour she refus'd him;  
 Judge how unkind she was to me,  
 While she so kindly us'd him!

His Hand her milk-white Bubby press'd,  
 A Bliss worth Kings desiring;  
 Ten thousand times he kiss'd her Breast,  
 The Snowy mounts admiring:

L 5

While

While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,  
 That to such Passion mov'd him;  
 She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,  
 To shew, she well approv'd him.

The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,  
 And swell'd my Heart with Passion;  
 Which, like my love, could not be tam'd,  
 Nor had Consideration:  
 I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair,  
 On my hard Fate complaining;  
 That plung'd me into deep Despair,  
 Because of her disdain.

Ah, cruel *Moggy*! then I cry'd,  
 Will not my Sorrows move you?  
 Or if my Love must be deny'd,  
 Yet give me leave to love you:  
 And then frown on, and still be coy,  
 Your constant Swain despising;  
 For 'tis but just you should destroy  
 What is not worth your prizing.

---

A SONG.





**A** Soldier and a Sailer, a Tinker and a Taylour,  
 Had once a doubtfull strife, Sir,  
 To make a maid a Wife, Sir;  
 Whose name was Buxome Joan,  
 Whose name was Buxome Joan:  
 For now the time was ended,  
 When she no more intended,  
 To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,  
 And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,  
 And lie a nights a lone,  
 And lie a nights a lone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
 He lov'd her more than plunder;  
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,  
 Which he had brought from far, Sir,  
 With Fighting for her sake.  
 The Taylour thought to please her,  
 With offering her his measure;  
 The Tinker too with Mettle;  
 Said he won'd mend her Kettle,  
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,  
 The Sailer slyly waiting;  
 Thought if it came about, Sir,  
 That they shou'd all fall out, Sir,  
 He then might play his part;  
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,  
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir;  
 And then he let fly at her,  
 A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
 Which won this fair Maids Heart.



*A SONG to a Mignuet Tune.*

**I**F you will Love me, be free in Expressing it,  
 And henceforth give me no cause to complain;  
 Or if you hate me be plain in confessing it,  
 And in few words put me out of my pain.  
 This long delaying, with sighing and praying,  
 Breeds only decaying in life and Amour,  
     Cooing and Wooing,  
     And daily pursuing,  
 Is Damn'd silly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

If you'll propose a kind method of Ruling me  
 I may return to my Duty again;  
 But if you stick to your old way of Fooling me,  
 I must be plain, I am none of your Men;  
 Passion for Passion on each kind occasion,  
 With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,  
     But Tedious Prating,  
     Coy folly debating,  
 And new doubts creating still makes it expire.

*The Answer, to the same Minuet Tune.*

**Y**OU Love, and yet when I ask you to Marry me,  
Still have recourse to the tricks of your Art  
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,  
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.

Eye, Eye, deceiver,  
No longer endeavour.  
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won ;  
No fond Caressing,  
Must be, nor unlacing,  
Or tender embracing 'till th' Parson has done.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,  
Pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives ;  
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,  
Comforts destroyer and Plague of their lives:

Some are affirming;  
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,  
And yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree,  
Ventring that Chouse you,  
Must let me Espouse you  
If e're, my dear Mouse, you will Nibble at me.

---

*A SONG.*





**Y**E Nymphs and *Sylvan* Gods,  
 That Love green Fields and Woods,  
 When Spring newly born,  
 Her self does adorn,  
 With Flowers and Blooming Buds;  
 Come Sing in the praise,  
 Whilst Flocks do graze,  
 In yonder pleasant Vale,  
 Of those that choose,  
 Their sleeps to lose,  
 And in cold Dews,  
 With clouted Shooes,  
 Do carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddess of the Morn,  
 With blushes they adorn,  
 And take the fresh Air;  
 Whilst Linnets prepare  
 A Confort on each green Thorn,  
 The Ousle and Thrush,  
 On every Bush;  
 And the Charming Nightingale  
 In merry Vein,  
 Their Throats do strain,  
 To entertain  
 The Jolly train  
 That carry the Milking Pail.

When

When cold bleak Winds do Roar,  
And Flow'rs can spring no more,  
The Fields that were seen,  
So pleasant and green,  
By Winter all Candid o'er,  
Oh ! how the Town Lass,  
Looks with her white Face,  
And her Lips of deadly Pale :  
But it is not so,  
With those that go,  
Through Frost and Snow,  
With Cheeks that glow,  
And carry the Milking Pail.

The Miss of Courtly mould,  
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,  
With washes and Paint,  
Her Skin does so Taint,  
She's wither'd before She's old,  
Whilst She in Commode,  
Put's on a Cart-load ;  
And with Cushions Plumps her Tail ;  
What Joys are found,  
In Ruffet Gown,  
Young, Plump and Round,  
And sweet and sound,  
That carry the milking Pail.

The Girls of *Venus* game,  
That venture Health and Fame,  
In practising Feats,  
With Colds and with Heats,  
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,  
If Men were so Wise,  
To value the price,  
Of the Wares most fit for sale,  
What store of Beaus,  
Would dawb their Cloaths,  
To save a Nose,  
By following those,  
That carry the Milking Pail.

## A SONG.



**C** *Hloe* found *Amyntas* lying,  
 All in Tears upon the Plain;  
 Sighing to himself and crying,  
 wretched I to love in vain!  
 Kifs me, Kifs me, Dear, before my dying;  
 Kifs me once and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself and crying,  
 Wretched I, to Love in vain:  
 Ever scorning and denying,  
 To reward your faithfull Swain;  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,  
 Kifs me once and ease my pain.

Ever

Ever scorning and denying,  
To reward your faithfull Swain :  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying,  
Kiss, me once and ease my pain.

*Chloe* laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
But repenting and complying,  
When He Kiss'd, She Kiss'd again,  
Kiss'd Him up before His dying,  
Kiss'd Him up and eas'd His pain.

---

A SONG.



'T Was within a furlong of *Edinburgh Town*,  
 In the *Rosie* time of year when the *Grass* was down ;  
*Bonny Focky* Blith and Gay,  
 Said to *Fenny* making Hay,  
 Let's fit a little (*Dear*) and prattle,  
 'Tis a foultry Day :

He long had Courted the *Black-brow'd Maid*,  
 But *Focky* was a Wagg and wou'd ne'er consent to Wedd,  
 Which made her *Pish* and *Phoo*, and cry out it will not do,  
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,  
 And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrell folk,  
 Yet, my dear, thou shouldest prevail,  
 But I know not what I ail,  
 I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Doggs,  
 With Bottles at their tail ;  
 But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,  
 And a pretty Filly-foal, to Ride out and take the Air,  
 If thou ne'er wilt *Pish* not *Phoo*, and cry it ne'er shall do,  
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,  
 But ah! what in return must your poor *Fenny* give,  
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone,  
 I must gang to *London-Town*,  
 And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint,  
 And Kiss for half a Crown ;  
 Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,  
 And earn an hated Living in an odious fulsom way,  
 No, no, no it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,  
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.



A SONG.



**M** An, Man, Man is for the Woman made,  
And the Woman made for Man;  
As the Spur is for the Jade,  
As the Scabbard for the Blade,  
As for digging is the Spade,  
As for Liquor is the Can,  
So Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made,  
And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,  
As for Night's the Serenade,  
As for Pudding is the Pan,  
And to cool us is the Fan,  
So Man, &c.

Be she Widow, Wife or Maid,  
Be she Wanton, be she Stay'd,  
Be she Well or Ill Array'd,  
Whore, Bawd, or Harradan,  
Yee Man, &c.

## A SONG.



**T**ake not a Womans anger ill,  
 But let this be your comfort still,  
 This be your comfort still,  
 That if one won't another will :  
 Tho' she that's foolish does deny,  
 She, she that is Wiser will comply,  
 And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,  
 What care I, what care I,  
 If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,  
 And Sigh and Weep, and Whine, and Wooe,  
 As all our simple Coxcombs doe ;  
 All Women love it, and tho' this,  
 Does suddenly forbid the blifs,  
 Try but the next you cannot mis.

## A SONG.



*S*awney is a Bonny, Bonny Lad,  
 But *Sawney* Kenns it well;  
 And *Sawney* might a Boon have had,  
 But *Sawney* loves to tell:  
 He Weens that I mun love him soon,  
 Gin Lovers now are rare;  
 But I'de as lif have none,  
 As one whom twanty, twanty share,  
 When anent your love you come,  
 Ah! *Sawney* were you true;  
 What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,  
 I ne'er cou'd gang from you;  
 Yet still my Tongue do what I can,  
 With muckle woe denies;  
 Wa's me when once we like a Man,  
 It boots not to be wise.

## A SONG.



**Y**oung I am and yet unskil'd,  
 How to make a Lover yield;  
 How to keep, or how to gain,  
 When to Love, and when to Feign:  
 Take me, take me some of you,  
 While I yet am young and true;  
 Ere I can my Soul disguise,  
 Heave my Breast, heave my Breast and rowl my Eyes!

Stay not till I learn the way,  
 How to lye and to betray;  
 He that loves me first is blest,  
 For I may deceive the rest:  
 Cou'd I find a Blooming Youth,  
 Full of Love and full of Truth;  
 Brisk and of a *Fantee* Meen,  
 I shou'd long, I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

*A SONG To Ground of Mr. Solomon Eccles.*

**S**ubborn Church-division,  
Folly and Ambition,  
Caus'd with great Derision,  
Poor *England's* sad condition;  
Princes leave their Stations, by strange Abdications:  
New ones come to ease us,  
Yet nothing e'er can please us,  
Happy's the Man then that shun's the Great,  
That pleaseth himself in a Rural State.

With ease and in a sweet retreat;  
Avoids all Jarrs and Faction,  
In his small Dominions,  
Vents no false Opinions,  
Nor deserts the true, for *Papist*, or *Socinian*,  
But sits down with his friends around,  
Whilst the Glas is crown'd,  
And the Healths abound.  
To the King and Queen the best in town.

The Fleet or Armies Action,  
Argues still with Reason,  
Speaks nor hears no Treason;  
Nor Arraigns the Sense,  
Of five hundred Heads to please one:  
Plaintiff or Defendants,  
Ne'er get his attendance,  
He wishes well to all that are at *White-Hall*,  
But he loves no Court dependance.

Books admires when Witty,  
Good Musick and a Ditty,  
And takes a Spouse, to Adorn his House,  
That's Rich and Kind, and Pretty;  
Merry, merry, merrily discards all sorrow;  
Warily does never, never lend nor borrow,  
Generously Entertains his Friends to day,  
And is the same to morrow.

## A SONG.



[\*Pish must only be utter'd, not sung.]

- Focky.* **F**airest *Fenny!* thou mun love me;  
*Fenny.* Troth, my bonny Lad, I do:  
*Focky.* Gin thou say'st, Thou dost approve me  
 Dearest, thou mun kiss me too,  
*Fenny.* Take a Kiss or twa, or twa gude *Focky*,  
 But I dare give nean I trow:  
 Eye! nay! \* *Pish* be not unlucky!  
 Wed me first, and aw will do.
- Focky.* For aw Fife and Lands about it,  
 Ize not yield thus to be bound;  
*Fenny.* Nor I lig by thee without it  
 For twa hundred thousand pound.  
*Focky.* Thou wilt die if I, if I forsake thee.  
*Fenny.* Better die, than be undone.  
*Focky.* Gin 'tis so, come on, Ize tauk thee,  
 'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

A SONG.



Great Jove once made Love like a Bull, a Bull,  
 With *Leda* a Swan was in vogue;  
 And to persevere in that Rule, that Rule,  
 He now does descend like a Dog:  
 For when I to *Celia* would speak,  
 And on her Breast sigh what I mean;  
 My Heart-Strings are ready to break,  
 For there I find Monsieur *Le Chien*, *Le Chien*,  
*Le Chien*, Monsieur, Monsieur *Le Chien*.

M

For



For knowledge of Modish Intrigues,  
 Or managing well an Amour,  
 I defie any one with two Legs,  
 But here I am Rivall'd by four:  
 Distracted all Night with my Wrongs,  
 I cry, Cruel Gods ! what d'ye mean !  
 That what to my Merit belongs,  
 You bestow upon Monsieur *Le Chien* !

For Feature, or Niceness in Dress,  
 Compare with him surely I can ;  
 Nor vainly my self should express,  
 To say, I am much more a Man :  
 To th' Government firm too as he,  
 The former I cunningly mean ;  
 And if he Religious can be,  
 I've as much sure as Monsieur *Le Chien*.

But what need I publish my Parts,  
 Or idly my Passion relate ;  
 Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts,  
 Resolves not to alter my Fate :  
 I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,  
 And make a long Court, *Ausi bien* ;  
 And yet with one Passionate Lick,  
 I'm out-rivall'd by Monsieur *Le Chien*.

## A SONG.



**B**onny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,  
 Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have now no pow'r;  
 Whilst my Joy, my dear *Peggy*, is gone,  
 And Wedded quite from me. will Love no more:  
 My gude Friends that do ken my Grief,  
 With Song and Story a Cure would find;  
 But alas! they bring no Relief,  
 For *Peggy* still runs in my Mind.

When I visit the Park or Play,  
 They aw without *Peggy* a Defart seem;  
 She's before my Eyes aw the day,  
 And aw the long night too she haunts my Dream:  
 Sometimes fancying a Heav'n of Charms,  
 I wake, and rob'd of my dear Delight,  
 Find she ligs in anothers Arms,  
 Ah! then 'tis she kills me out right.

## A SONG.



Come Sweet Lads,  
 This bonny Weather,  
 Let's together;  
 Come Sweet Lads,  
 Let's trip it on the Grass:  
 Ev'ry where,  
 Poor *Jockey* seeks his Dear,  
 And unless you appear,  
 He sees no Beauty here.

On our Green,  
 The Loons are Sporting,  
 Piping, Courting;  
 On our Green,  
 The Blythest Lads are seen:  
 There all day,  
 Our Lasses Dance and play,  
 And ev'ry one is gay,  
 But I, when you're away.

A SONG.



**W**hy does *Willy* shun his Dear?  
 Why is he never here,  
 My tender Heart to Chear?  
 Why, why does *Willy* shun his Dear,  
 And leave his own poor *Fenny* weeping?  
 Shall I never see him more,  
 But live in Mickle Care,  
 In sorrow and despair?  
 Shall I never, never see him more,  
 But in my Dream when I am sleeping?

Once he ne'er cou'd gang away;  
 But here the Lad wou'd stay,  
 Still Bonny, Blythe and gay;  
 Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,  
 But all the Day he wou'd be Sueing;  
 But when he had got a Boon,  
 Oh! then the Naughty Loon,  
 In Mickle haste was gone;  
 But when he, when he had got a Boon,  
 There was an end of *Willy's* Wooing.

## A SONG.



**D**E'el take the Warr that hurri'd *Willy* from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn,  
 They made him Captain sure to undoe me,  
 Woe is me he'll ne'er return ;  
 A thousand Loons a-broad will Fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run,  
 Day and night I did invite,  
 To stay safe from the Sword and Gun :

I us'd allureing Graces,  
 With muckle kind Embraces,  
 Now Sighing, then Crying, Tears dropping fall ;  
 And had he my soft Arms,  
 Preferr'd no Wars alarms,  
 By Love grown mad, without the Man of Gad  
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

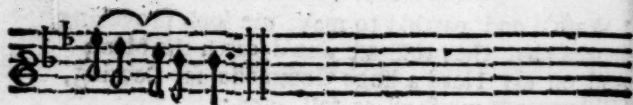
I Wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,  
 Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men;  
 And on my Head a huge Commode sat Cocking,  
 Which made me shew as tall agen:  
 For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,  
 Which with golden Flowers did shine;  
 My Love well might think me Gay and Bonny,  
 No *Scotch* Lass was e'er so Fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,  
 Fringe too with Thread I knotted;  
 Lace Shooes and Silk Hose garter full over Knee.  
 But oh! the fatal thought,  
 To *Willy* these are nought,  
 Who Rid to Towns and Rifled with Dragoons,  
 When he silly Loon might have Plunder'd me.

A SONG.







**T**He Bonney grey Ey'd Morn began to peep,  
 When *Fockey* rowz'd with Love came blithly on,  
 And I who wishing lay depriv'd of sleep,  
 Abhor'd the lazy Hours that slow did run;  
 But muckle were my joys when in my view  
 I from my window spy'd my only dear,  
 I took the wings of Love and to him flew,  
 For I had fancy'd all my heav'n was there.

Upon my Bosom *Fockey* laid his Head,  
 And sighing told me pritty Tales of Love;  
 My yeilding Heart at ev'ry word he said.  
 Did Flutter up and down and strangely move.  
 He sigh'd, he Kifs'd my Hand, he vow'd and swore,  
 That I had o'er his Heart a conquest gain'd;  
 Then Blushing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,  
 Which he alas too soon, too soon obtain'd.

### A S O N G.







**T** Was when the Sheep were Shearing,  
 And under the Barly Mow;  
 Dick gave to Doll a Fairing,  
 As She had milk'd her Cow;  
 Quoth He I fain wou'd Wed thee;  
 And tho' I cannot Woe;  
 I've Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy;  
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now,  
 Sing, ah! shall I come, shall I come Kifs thee now:  
 I long Sweet-heart to Bed thee,  
 And merrily Buckle-too;  
 Wich Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy;  
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now,  
 Sing ah! shall I come, shall I come Kifs thee now.

Doll seem'd not to regard him,  
 As if she did not care;  
 Yet Simper'd when she heard him,  
 Like any Millers Mare:

And cunningly to prove him,  
 And Value her Maiden-head,  
 Cry'd fie, nay Pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by:  
 For I am too young to Wed;  
 She said she ne'er cou'd Love him,  
 Nor any Man close in Bed.  
 Then fie Pish, fie, nay Pish, nay prithee stand by;  
 For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's struck with Thunder,  
 Stood *Dickey* to hear her talk;  
 All hopes to get her under,  
 This sad resolve did balk,  
 At last he swore, grown bolder,  
 He'd hire some common Shrew:  
 For Hey Pish, Hey fie, Hey for a Boy,  
 Sing shall I come Kiss thee now,  
 In Loving Arms did fold her,  
 E'er Sneak, and Cringe, and Cry,  
 With Hey Pish, Hey fie, Hey for a Boy,  
 Sing shall I come Kiss thee now.

Convinced of her Coy folly,  
 And stubborn Female will;  
 Poor *Doll* grew melancholy,  
 The Grift went by her Mill;  
 I hope she cry'd you're wiser,  
 Than credit what I have said:  
 Tho' I do cry nay fie, and Pish, and prithee stand by,  
 That I am too young to Wed;  
 Bring you the Church adviser,  
 And dress up the Bridal Bed.  
 Then try tho' I cry, fie and Pish, and prithee stand by,  
 If I am too young to Wed.

A SONG.



**J**ockey was a dawdy Lad,  
 And Femmy swarth and Tawney;  
 They my Heart no Captive made,  
 For that was Prize to Sawney:  
 Fockey Woes, and Sighs and Sues,  
 And Femmy offers Money;  
 Weel I see they both love me,  
 But I love only Sawney.

Fockey high his Voice can raise,  
 And Femmy tunes the Viol;  
 But when Sawney Pipes sweet Lays,  
 My Heart kens no denial:  
 One he Sings and to'thers Strings;  
 Tho' sweet yet only teize me,  
 Sawney's Flute, can only do't,  
 And Pipe a Tune to Please me.

## A SONG.



*This to be Sung only at the end of the first and last Verse,*



**T**He Sun was juſt Seting, the Reaping was done;  
 And over the Common I tript it alone,  
 Then whom ſhou'd I meet but young *Dick* of our Town,  
 Who ſwore e'er I went I ſhou'd have a Green-gown;  
     He Preſ'd me, I Stumbl'd,  
     He Puſh'd me, I Tumbl'd,  
     He Kiſs'd me, I Grumbl'd,  
     But ſtill He Kiſs'd on;

Then roſe and went from me as ſoon as he'd done.

*Theſe*

*These 4 lines are only Sung at the end of the 1 and 1st Verse.*

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,  
 May I be worse Ruml'd,  
 Worse Tuml'd, and Juml'd,  
 Where ever, where ever I goe.

Before an Old Justice I Summon'd the spark,  
 And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark;  
 He pull'd out his Ink-horn, and ask'd me his Fee,  
 You now shall relate the whole business quoth he.  
*He Prest me, &c.*

The Justice then came, and tho' grave was his look,  
 Seem'd to wish I would Kiss him instead of the Book;  
 He Whisper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,  
 I was had to his Chamber to Open my Case.  
*He Prest me, &c.*

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint,  
 He look'd like a Bacchus but Preach'd like a Saint;  
 He said we shou'd soberly Nature Refresh,  
 Then Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Flesh.

*He Prest me, I Stuml'd,  
 He Push'd me, I Tuml'd,  
 He Kist me, I gruml'd,  
 But still he Kist on,*

*Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.*

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,  
 May I be worse Ruml'd,  
 Worse Tuml'd, and Juml'd,  
 Where ever, where ever I go.

## A SONG, on Bartholomew-Fair.



**B** Onny Lads and Damsels,  
 Your welcome to our Booth;  
 We're now come here on purpose,  
 Your fancies for to sooth;  
 No heavey *Dutch* Performers,  
 Amongst us you shall find,  
 We'll make your Lads good humour'd,  
 And Lasses very kind:  
 Your Damsens and Filberds,  
 Your welcome here to Crack,  
 But a Glas of merry Sack Boys,  
 Is a Cordial for the Back.



*Pills to purge Melancholy.*

255

You may range about the Fair,  
New Tricks and fights to see;  
And when your Legs are weary,  
Pray come again to me:  
There's Thread-bare *Holofernes*,  
Whom *Judith* long hath slain,  
With *Guy* of *Warwick*, *St. George*,  
And *Rosamund's* fair Dame,  
You'll find some pretty Puppets too,  
With many a Nickey Nack,  
But a Glas of Jolly Sack Boys,  
Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houses being low too,  
Some Players hither come;  
But if my Stars deceive me not,  
They soon will know their doom,  
There's other petty Strowlers,  
That crowd upon us here  
That may have Booths to let too,  
Before their time I fear.  
All these may prate and talk much,  
Show Tricks and Bounce and Crack,  
But here's a Glas of Sack Boys,  
That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come sit down then brisk Lads all,  
A Bumper to the King;  
Old *England* let's remember,  
(May Peace and Plenty spring.)  
Let War no more perplex you,  
Your Taxes soon will end;  
The Souldiers all Disbanded,  
And each Man love his Friend.  
Be Merry then Carouse Boys,  
See Drawer what 'tis they lack,  
And fetch a Bottle neat Boy,  
That's Cordial for the Back.



## A SONG on Bacchus.



## CHORUS.

[Drinking,  
**S**ince there's so small difference 'twixt Drowning and  
 We'll tittle and pray too like Mariners Sinking;  
 Whilst they drink Salt-water, we'll Pledge 'em in Wine,  
 And pay our Devotion at Bacchus's Shrine.  
*O Bacchus great Bacchus for ever defend us,  
 And plenifull Store of good Burgundy send us.*

From censuring the State, and what passes the above,  
 From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-Suits and Love;  
 From meddling with Swords, and such dangerous things,  
 And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings.  
*O Bacchus, &c.*

From Riding a Jade that will start at a Feather,  
 Or ending a Journey with loss of much Leather;  
 From the folly of dying for grief or despair,  
 With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air.  
*O Bacchus, &c.*

From

From a Usurer's gripe, and from every Man,  
That boldly pretends to do more than he can;  
From the scolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,  
And wandering over wild *Irish* Boggs.

*O Bacchus, &c.*

From Hunger and Thirst, Empty Bottles and Glasses,  
From those whose Religion consists in Grimaces;  
From e'er being cheated by Female decoys,  
From humouring old Men, and reasoning with Boys.

*O Bacchus, &c.*

From those little troublesome Insects and Flies,  
That think themselves Pretty, or Witty, or Wise;  
From carrying a Quartan for Mortification,  
As long as a *Ratisbon* Consultation.

*O Bacchus, &c.*

---

*The Nurses SONG.*



**M**Y dear Cock adodle,  
My Jewel, my Joy;  
My Darling, my Honey,  
My Pretty sweet Boy:  
Before I do Rock thee,  
With soft Lul-la-by;  
Give me thy sweet Lips,  
To be Kifs, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs.

*The*

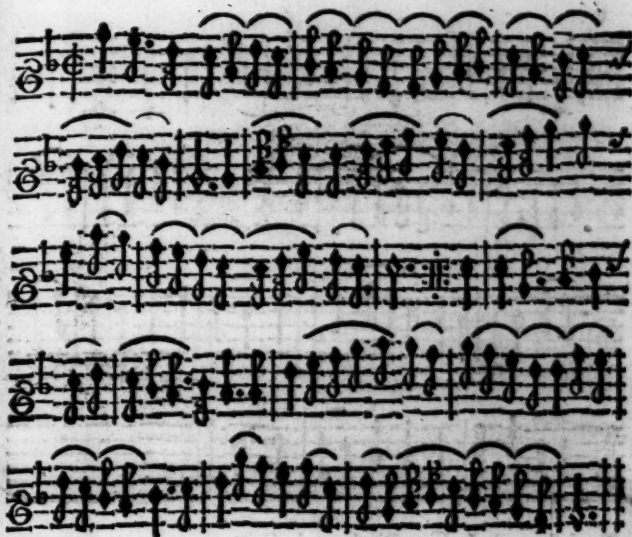
Thy Charming high Fore-head,  
 thy Eyes too like Sloes;  
 Thy fine Dimple Chin,  
 And thy right *Roman* Nose;  
 With some Pretty marks,  
 That lie under thy Cloaths;  
 Sure thou'lt be a rare one,  
 To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

To make thee grow quickly,  
 I'll do what I can;  
 I'll Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,  
 I'll make thee a Man:  
 Ah! then how the Lasses,  
*Moll, Betty and Nan,*  
 By thee will run mad  
 To be Kifs, Kifs, &c.

And when in due season,  
 My *Billy* shall Wed;  
 And lead a young Lady,  
 From Church to the Bed,  
 A Welfare the loosing,  
 Of her Maiden-Head,  
 If *Billy* come near her  
 To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

Then Welfare high Fore-head,  
 And Eyes black as Sloes;  
 And Welfare the Dimple,  
 And Welfare thee Nose:  
 And all pretty marks,  
 That lie under the Cloaths;  
 For none is more hopefull  
 To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

## A SONG.



**H**ow long must Woman wish in vain,  
A Constant Love to find ;  
No Art can Fickle Man retain,  
Or fix a Roving mind :  
Thus fondly we our selves deceive,  
And empty Hopes pursue ;  
Tho' False to others we believe,  
They will to us prove true.

But Oh ! the Torment to discern,  
A Perjur'd Lover gone ;  
And yet by sad Experience learn,  
That we must still Love on :  
How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,  
Who Tread the Maze of Love ;  
When most desirous to Retreat,  
We know not how to move.

## A SONG.



**L** Ads and Lasses Blith and Gay,  
 Hear what my Song discloses ;  
 As I one morning Sleeping lay,  
 Upon a bank of Roses :  
*Willy* ganging out his Gate,  
 By gude luck chanc'd to spy me ;  
 And pulling Bonnet from his Pate,  
 He softly lay down by me.

*Willy* tho' I muckle priz'd,  
 Yet now I wou'd not know him ;  
 But made a Frown my Face disguised,  
 And from me strove to throw him :  
 Fondly he still nearer prest,  
 Upon my Bosom lying ;  
 His beating Heart too thump'd so fast,  
 I thought the Loon was dying.

But

But resolving to deny,  
 An Angry Passion feigning;  
 I often roughly push'd him by,  
 With words full of disdain:  
 Willy balk'd no favour wins,  
 But went off discontented;  
 But I gude faith for all my Sins,  
 Ne'er half so much repented.

A SONG.



OH Fie! what mean I foolish Maid,  
 In this Remote and silent Shade;  
 To meet with you alone:  
 My Heart does with the place combine,  
 And both are more your freinds than mine,  
 And both are more your freinds than mine;  
 Oh! oh! oh! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone,  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! I shall be undone.

A

But



A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear,  
 Or shoud I meet with Villains here,  
 I to some Cave wou'd run :  
 But such Inchanting Art you show,  
 I cannot strive I cannot go ;  
 Oh ! I shall be undone.

Ah ! give your sweet Temptations o'er,  
 I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more ;  
 What must we yet fool on ?  
 Ah ! now I yield, ah ! now I fall,  
 Ah ! now I have no breath at all,  
 And now I'm quite undone,

## A S O N G.





**R**ise Bonny *Cate* the Sun's got up high,  
The Fiddlers have play'd their last merry Tune;  
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em god b'w'y,  
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

There to thy health ize drink my three quarts,  
Then raffle among the beauties divine,  
Where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts,  
Assure thy self *Focky's* shall still be thine.

When we come home we'll kiss and we'll bill,  
And Feast on each other as well as our meat  
Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-hill,  
And there, there, there consummate the Treat;

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,  
Smile thou, and for losses I care not a pin,  
I'll push on my Fortune at night at the Oake,  
And quickly, quickly, quickly recov'r all agen.

For thy diversion cou'd'st thou but think,  
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;  
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,  
In spite of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Citts,  
The men of the Sword, and men of the Laws;  
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,  
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,  
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;  
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,  
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take nine in a hand,  
The Maiden takes Five too, that's vex't with her Greens;  
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,  
When ever she comes to her Teens.

## A SONG.



**T** Ho' *Jockey* Su'd me long, he met disdain;  
 His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain:  
     Give o'er said I, give o'er,  
     Your silly fond Amour,  
         I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er comply;  
 At last he forc'd a Kiss,  
 Which I took not amiss,  
 And since I've known the Bliss,  
     I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Lass that's coy,  
 Who hears your Love yet seems to shun its Joy;  
     If you Press her to do so,  
     Ne'er mind her no, no, no;  
         But trust her Eyes,  
 For coyness gives denial,  
 When she wishes for the Tryal,  
 Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh all,  
     I'm sure she lyes.

The Leather Bottle.



Now God above that made all things,  
 Heaven and Earth and all therein;  
 The Ships upon the Seas to Swim,  
 To keep foes out they come not in:  
 Now every one doth what he can,  
 All for the use and praise of Man,  
*I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,  
 That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.*

Now what do you say to the Cans of wood?  
 Faith they are nought, they cannot be good;  
 When a Man for Beer he doth therein send,  
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend;  
 The bearer stumbleth by the way,  
 And on the ground his Liquor doth lay,  
 Then fraight the Man begins to Ban,  
 And swears it 'twas long of the Wooden Can;  
 But had it been in a Leathern Bottel,  
 Although he stumbled all had been well,  
 So safe therein it would remain  
 Untill the Man got up again,  
*And I wish in Heaven, &c.*

N

Now

Now for the Pots with handles three,  
 Faith they shall have no praise of me;  
 When a Man and his Wife do fall at strife,  
 As many I fear have done in their life,  
 They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,  
 And break the same though they were loth,  
 Which they shall answer another day,  
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away;  
 But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,  
 The one might have tugg'd the other have held,  
 They both might have tugg'd till their hearts did ake,  
 And yet no harm the Bottel would take,  
*And I wish in Heaven, &c.*

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?  
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;  
 When a Noble-man he doth them send,  
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend;  
 The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,  
 And never is seen again after that day,  
 Oh then his Lord begins to Ban,  
 And swears he hath lost both Flagon and Man;  
 But it ne'er was known that Page or Groom,  
 But with a Leathern Bottle again would come,  
*And I wish in Heaven, &c.*

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine?  
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;  
 When Friends are at a table set,  
 And by them several sorts of Meat;  
 The one loves Flesh the other Fish,  
 Among them all remove a Dish;  
 Touch but the Glass upon the brim,  
 The Glass is broke no Wine left in;  
 Then be your Table-Cloath ne'er so fine,  
 There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine,  
 And doubtless for so small abuse,  
 A young Man may his Service lose,  
*And I wish in Heaven, &c.*

Now when this Bottle is grown old,  
And that it will no longer hold;  
Out of the side you may cut a Clout,  
To mend your Shooe when worn out;  
Or hang the other side on a pin.  
'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in;  
As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,  
For young beginners need such things,  
*I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,  
That first invented the Leathern Bottel.*

---

*The Black Jack, to the foregoing Tune.*

**T**Is a pitifull thing that now adays, Sirs,  
Our Poets turn Leathern Bottle praisers;  
But if a Leathern theme they did lack,  
They might better have chosen the bonny Black-Jack;  
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,  
For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be said;  
*And I wish his Soul much good may partake,  
That first devis'd the bonny Black Jack.*

And now I will begin to declare,  
What the Conveniences of the Jack are;  
First when a gang of good fellows do meet,  
As oft at a Fair or a Wake you shall see't,  
They resolve to have some merry Carouses;  
And yet to get home in good time to their Houses;  
Then the Bottle it runs as slow as my Rhyme,  
With Jack they might have all bin drunk in good time,  
*And I wish his Soul in peace may dwell,  
That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.*

And therefore leave off your twittle twattle,  
Praise the Jack, praise no more the Leather Bottle;  
For the Man at the Bottle may drink till he burst,  
And yet not handsomely quench his thirst;

The Master hereat maketh great moan,  
 And doubts his Bottle has a spice of the Stone;  
 But if it had been a generous Jack,  
 He might have had currently what he did lack,  
*And I wish his Soul in Paradise,*  
*That first found out that happy device.*

Be your Liquor small or thick as Mudd,  
 The cheating Bottle that cries good, good;  
 Then the Master again begins to storm,  
 Because it said more than it could perform;  
 But if it had bin in an honest black Jack,  
 It would have prov'd better to fight, smell and smack,  
*And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest,*  
*That added a Jack to Bacchus his feast.*

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle or Jugg,  
 Is half so fit, or so well can hold tugg;  
 For when a Man and his Wife play at thwack's,  
 There's nothing so good as a pair of black Jacks;  
 Thus to it they go, they swear and they curse,  
 It makes them both better the Jacks ne'er the worse;  
 For they might have banged both till their hearts did ache,  
 And yet no hurt the Jacks could take,  
*And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension,*  
*That first produc'd that lucky Invention.*

**SOCRATES** and **ARISTOTLE**,  
 Suckt no Wit from a Leather Bottle;  
 For surely I think a man as soon may,  
 Find a Needle in a bottle of Hay;  
 But if the black Jack a Man often tofs over,  
 'Twill make him as drunk as any Philosopher;  
 When he that makes Jacks from a peck to a quart,  
 Conjures not, though he lives by the black Art,  
*And I wish his Soul, &c.*

Besides my good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,  
 That fram'd the Bottle, his brains were but shallow;



The case is so clear I nothing need mention,  
The Jack is a nearer and deeper Invention,  
When the Bottle is cleaned the dreggs fly about ;  
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out ;  
But if in a Cannon bore Jack it had bin,  
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean ;

*And I wish his Soul no comfort may lack,  
That first devis'd the bouncing black Jack.*

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no man,  
That is a hairs breadth above a Plow-man ;  
Then let us gang to the *Hercules*-Pillars,  
And there visit those gallant Jack swillers ;  
In these small, strong, four, mild, stale,  
They drink Orange, Lemon and Lambeth Ale :  
The Chief of Heralds there allows,  
The Jack to be of the ancients house,

*And may his successors never want Sack,  
That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.*

Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,  
Without a tunnel, but that you must spill it ;  
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,  
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout ;  
Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it,  
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it ;  
But if it had been a jolly black Jack,  
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack,  
*And I wish his Soul, &c.*

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a spark  
That were just ready cockt to shoot at a mark ;  
When the other thing up to the mouth it goes,  
Makes a Man look with a great bottle nose ;  
All wise men conclude, that a Jack new or old,  
Though beginning to leak is however worth gold ;  
For when the poor man on the way does trudge it,  
His worn out Jack serves him well for a budget ;

*And I wish his Heirs may never lack Sack,  
That first contriv'd the Leather black Jack.*



When Bottle and Jack stand together, fie on't,  
 The Bottle looks just like a Dwarf to Giant;  
 Then have we not reason the Jack for to chuse,  
 For they can make Boots when the Bottle mends Shooes;  
 For add but to every Jack a foot,  
 And every Jack becomes a Boot;  
 Then give me my Jack, there's a reason why,  
 They have kept us wet and they'll keep us dry;  
 I now shall cease but as I'm an honest man,  
 The Jack deserves to be called Sir *JOHN*;  
*And may they ne'er want for Belly nor Back,*  
*That keep up the Trade of the bonny black Jack.*

## A SONG.



**J***enny*, my blitheft Maid,  
 Prethee listen to my true Love now;  
 I am a canny Lad,  
 Gang along with me to yonder Brow:  
 Aw the Boughs shall shade us round,  
 While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,  
 How the Lad the Lads may woo,  
 Come and I'll shew my *Jenny* what to do.

I ken full many a thing,  
 I can dance, and I can whistle too;  
 I many a Song can sing,  
 Pitch the Bar, and run, and wrastle too:  
 Bonny Mog of our Town,  
 Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,  
 Only *Fenny* 'twas could win.  
*Jockey* from aw the Lasses of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,  
 Ize not spoil thy gawdy shining Geer;  
 I'll make a Bed of Fern,  
 And I'll gently press my *Fenny* there.  
 Let me list thy Petticoat,  
 And thy Kercher that too hides thy Bosom;  
 Shew thy naked Beauty's store,  
*Fenny* alone's the Lads that I adore.

SONG, Sung by a Fop newly come from France.



AH *Phyllis*! why are you less *tendre*,  
 To my despairing *Amour*!  
 Your Heart you have promis'd to *tendre*,  
 Do not deny the *Retour*:  
 My Passion I cannot defender;  
 No, no, Torments encrease *tous les Jour*.

To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,  
 Can you expect my *Devoir*,  
 Since *Phyllis* is grown *infidelle*,  
 And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir*!  
 Those Eyes which were once *agreeable*,  
 Now, now, are Fountains of black *Des espoire*.

Adieu to my false *Esperance*,  
 Adieu les *Plaisirs des beaux Jours*;  
 My *Phyllis* appears at *distance*,  
 And flights my unfeigned *Efforts*:  
 To return to her Vows *impossible*,  
 No, no, adieu To the Cheats of *Amours*.

## A SONG.



**T**ELL me, ye Gods,  
 Why do you prove so cruel,  
 So severe, to make me burn in flames of Love,  
 Then throw me in despair?  
 Tell me, what Pleasure do you find,  
 To force tormenting Fate;  
 To make my *Sylvia* first seem kind,  
 Then vow perpetual Hate?

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,  
With her bewitching Eyes ;  
Oft with a Kiss she'd fan that Fire,  
Which from her Charms arise :  
With her Diviner Looks she'd bless,  
And with her Smiles revive ;  
When she was kind, who cou'd express  
The Extasies of Life ?

But now I read my fatal Doom,  
All hopes now disappear ;  
Smiles are converted to a Frown,  
And vows neglected are :  
No more kind Looks she will impart,  
No longer will endure  
The tender Passion of my Heart,  
Which none but she can cure.

Ah cruel, false, perfidious Maid !  
Are these Rewards of Love ?  
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,  
Will you then faithless prove ?  
'Tis pity such an Angel's Face,  
Shou'd so much perjur'd be ;  
And blast each captivating Grace,  
By being false to me.

Return, return, e'er 'tis too late,  
The God of Love appease ;  
Left you too soon do meet your Fate,  
And fall a Sacrifice :  
Despise not then a proffer'd Heart,  
But mighty Love obey ;  
For Age will ruine all your Art,  
And Beauty will decay.

## A SONG.



**W**hen first *Amyntas* su'd for a Kiss,  
 My innocent Heart was tender;  
 That tho' I push'd him away from the Bliss,  
 My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won;  
 I fain an artful Coyness wou'd use,  
 Before I the Fort did surrender:  
 But Love wou'd suffer no more such Abuse,  
 And soon, alas! my cheat was known.  
 He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,  
 A thousand pretty things wou'd say;  
 My Hand he'd squeeze, and press my Knees,  
 Till farther on he got by degrees.

My

My Heart, just like a Vessel at sea,  
Wou'd tofs when *Amyntas* was near me;  
But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he!

Through Doubts and Fears he'd still Sayl on:  
I thought in him no danger cou'd be,  
To wisely he knows how to steer me;  
And soon, alas! was brought to agree,

So wast of Joys before unknown,  
Well might he boast his Pain not lost,  
For soon he found the Golden Coast;  
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'rach'd the Shore;  
Where never Merchant went before.

A S O N G.



S It thee down by me, mine own Joy,  
Thou'z quite kill-me, should'st thou prove coy:  
Should'st thou prove Coy and not Love me,  
Oh! where should I find out like a yan as thee.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,  
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:  
Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,  
Sike Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

Thouz



Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn.  
 With silver Shoon thy Feet fall shoyn :  
 With foyn't Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown,  
 Thy pink Petty-Coat fall be laced down.

Weez yearly gang to the Brook side,  
 And Fishes catch as they do glayd :  
 Each Fish thyn Prisoner then fall be,  
 Thouz catch at them, and I'ze catch at thee.

What mun we do when Scrip is fro ?  
 Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,  
 And there weez fray and eat the Fish ;  
 But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish.

Ize Kifs thy cherry Lips, and praise  
 Aw the sweet features of thy Face ;  
 Thy Fore-head so smooth, and lofty both rise,  
 Thy soft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Eyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold Night,  
 Thouz want nothing for thy delight :  
 Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,  
 And sure Ize have something that fall please thee.

---

A S O N G.







IN *January* last, on *Mummond* day at morn,  
As I along the Fields did pass to view the Winters  
Corn;  
I leaped me behind, and I saw come o'er the Knough,  
Yan glenting in an Apron with bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud morrow, fair Maid, and she right courteouslie,  
Bekt lew and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to ye:  
I spear'd o her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now?  
Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to ha sik company,  
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be:  
When we had walkt a Mile or twa, Ize said to her, my  
[Doe,  
May I not dight your Apron fine, kifs your bonny brow.

Nea, gud sir, you are far misteen, fer I am nean othose ;  
I hope ya ha more breeding than to dight a womans  
[cloths:  
For I've a better chosen than any sike as you,  
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kifs ma bonny  
[brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to say,  
Rather than be rejefted, I will give o're the play :  
And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew,  
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kifs her bonny brow.

Sir, Ize see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,  
You need not tall ha started, for eight that Iz ded say:  
You know Wemun for modestie, ne at the first time boo;  
But, gif we like your company, we are as kind as you.

## A SONG.



**B**onny Lads gin thou wert mine,  
 And twenty thousand Pounds about thee;  
 I'd scorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,  
 To lay thee down on any Green,  
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.  
 I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,  
 To lay thee down on any Green,  
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine,  
 And twenty thousand Lords about thee;  
 I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,  
 And gang with thee to any Green,  
 To shew me how my Daddy gat me.  
 I'd leave them, &c.

A SONG.



THE bright *Laurinda*, whose hard fate,  
 It was to love a Swain,  
 Ill-natur'd, faithless, and ingrate,  
 Grew weary of her pain :  
 Long, long, alas ! she vainly strove,  
 To free her Captive Heart from Love ;  
 'Till urg'd too much by his Disdain,  
 She broke at last the strong-link'd Chain,  
 And vow'd she ne'er would love again.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,  
 Gay as the blooming Spring.  
 To no soft Tale would lend an Ear,  
 But careless sit and sing :  
 Or if a moving Story wrought  
 Her frozen Breast to a kind thought,  
 She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah ! hold !  
*Amyntor* thus his Story told,  
 Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

Long

Long thus she kept her Liberty,  
 And by her all-conquering Eyes,  
 A thousand Youths did daily die,  
 Her Beauties Sacrifice:  
 'Till Love at last young *Cleon* brought,  
 The object of each Virgin's thought,  
 Whose strange resistless Charms did move,  
 They made her burn and rage with Love,  
 And made her blest as those above.

## A SONG.



**A** *Henny* gin your Eyes do kill,  
 You'll let me tell my pain;  
 Gnd Faith, I lov'd against my will,  
 Yet wad not break my Chain:  
 Ize once was call'd a bonny Lad,  
 'Till that fair Face of yours,  
 Betray'd the Freedom once I had,  
 And all my blither hours.

And

And now wey's me, like Winter looks,  
 My faded show'ring Eyn;  
 And on the Banks of shaded Brooks,  
 I pass my wearied time:  
 Ize call the Streams that glideth on  
 To witness, if they see,  
 On all the brink they glide along,  
 So true a Swain as I.

A SONG.



**T**Here was a Jovial Begger,  
 He had a wooden Leg;  
 Lame from his Cradle,  
 And forced for to beg:  
 And a begging we will go,  
 We'll go, we'll go,  
 And a begging we will go.

A bag for his Oatmeal,  
 Another for his Salt;  
 And a pair of Crutches,  
 To shew that he can halt,  
 And a begging, &c.

A bag for his Wheat,  
 Another for his Rye;  
 A little Bottle by his side,  
 To drink when he's a-dry.  
 And a begging, &c.

To *Pimbllico* we'll go,  
 Where we shall merry be ;  
 With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,  
 And a Wench upon his Knee.  
 And a begging, &c.

And when we are dispos'd  
 To tumble on the Grass,  
 We've a long patch'd Coat,  
 To hide a pretty Lafs.  
 And a begging, &c.

Seven Years I begg'd  
 For my old Master *Wild*,  
 He taught me to beg  
 When I was a Child.  
 And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,  
 And got him store of pelf ;  
 But *Jove* now be praised,  
 I now beg for my self.  
 And a begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree  
 I live, and pay no Rent ;  
 Providence provides for me,  
 And I am well content.  
 And a begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,  
 A Beggar lives the best ;  
 For when he is a weary,  
 He'll lie him down and rest.  
 And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,  
 I live in open Cell ;  
 Then who would be a King,  
 When the Beggars live so well.  
 And a begging, &c.



A SONG.



**T**ELL me *Fenny*, tell me roundly,  
 When you will your Heart surrender;  
 Faith and Troth I love thee soundly,  
 'Twas I that was the first pretender.  
 Ne'er say nay, nor delay,  
 Here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too;  
 All that's mine, shall be thine,  
 Body and Goods at thy command too,

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Fenny*,  
 Have you promis'd to be true to?  
 Fye! I think the Devil's in you,  
 To kiss a body so as you do!  
 What d'ye? let me go,  
 I can't abide such foolish doing;  
 Get you gone, naughty Man,  
 Fye! is this your way of Wooing!



## A SONG.



I Often for my *Fenny* strove,  
 Ey'd her, try'd her, yet can't prove,  
 So lucky to find her Pity move,  
 Ize have no Reward for Love:  
 If you wou'd but think on me,  
 And now forsake your Cruelty;  
 Ize for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,  
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When first I saw thy lovely Charms,  
 I kiss'd thee, wish'd thee in my Arms:  
 I often vow'd, and did protest,  
 'Tis *Joan* alone, that I love best:  
 Ize have gotten Twenty pounds,  
 My Father's House, and all his Grounds,  
 And for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,  
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

A SONG.



**T**ELL me no more, no more I am deceiv'd,  
 That *Cloe's* false, that *Cloe's* false and common :  
 By Heav'n I all along believ'd,  
 She was, she was a very, very, Woman.  
 As such I lik'd, as such carest,  
 She still, she still was constant when possess'd ;  
 She cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she could,  
 Do more for no man

But oh ! but oh her thoughts on others ran,  
 And that you think, and that you think a hard thing ;  
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,  
 Why what care I, why what care I one Farthing.  
 You say she's false, I'm sure she's kind,  
 I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind ;  
 Who, who has the better Bargain ?

## A SONG.



**A**T London che've bin,  
 At London che've, bin,  
 And che've seen the King and the Queen a;  
 Che've seen Lords, and Earls,  
 And roaring fine Girles,  
 Turn'd up their Tails at fifteen a.

Che've seen the Lord Mayor,  
 And Bartoldom-Fair;  
 And there che met with the *Draggon*;  
 That *St. George* that bold Knight,  
 Fought and killed out-right,  
 Whilst a Man cou'd tofs off a Flaggon.

From thence as I went,  
 To seeth' Monument;  
 I met with a Girl in Cheapside a,  
 That for half a Crown,  
 Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,  
 And shew'd me how far she cou'd Stride a.

A SONG.



**T**hen Beauteous Nymph look from above,  
 And see me here below;  
 See how the mighty Tyrant Love draggs me to your  
 [window,  
 Draggs me to your window:  
 Let not your Heart then hardned be,  
 Since you my Love have got;  
 For I'm a Knight of high degree,  
 And dye upon the spot.

To morrow then let us be Wedd,  
 At hours Canonical;  
 That I may say when I have sped,  
 My heart is free from thrall:  
 Oh think then what thy Joy will be,  
 When I am in thy Arms;  
 That thou may'st have the liberty,  
 To Rife all my Charms.

## Scotch SONG.



**W**Aa is me what mun I do,  
 Drinking Waters I may rue,  
 Since my Heart so muckle harm befell,  
 Wounded by a bonny Lass at *Epsom-Well*;  
 I've have been at *Dalkeith* Fair,  
 Seen the charming Faces there;  
 But aw *Scotland* now, gude faith, desye  
 Sike a Lip to show, and lovely rowling Eye.

*Fenny's* Skin was white, her Fingers small;  
*Moggy*, she was slender, straight and tall;  
 But my Love here bears away the Bell from all;  
 For her I sigh, for her I die in a wild despair;  
 Never Man in Woman took such Joy,  
 Never Woman was to Man so coy;  
 She'll not be my Honey for my Love or Money:  
 Well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.

The Old and New Courtier.



With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient pate,  
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a  
[great Estate :  
Who kept an Old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,  
*Like an Old Courtier of the Queens.*

With an Old Lady whose anger good words asswages,  
Who every quarter pays her old Servants their wages,  
Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen  
[and Pages ;  
But kept twenty or thirty old Fellows with blue-coats  
*Like an Old Courrier, &c.* [and badges :

With an Study fill'd full of Learned books,  
With an old Reverend Parson, you may judge him by  
[his looks,  
With an old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old hooks,  
And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old  
*Like an Old, &c.* [cooks ;

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes  
[and Bows,  
With old swords and bucklers, which hath born many  
shrew'd blows,  
And



And an old Fryfadoe coat to cover his worships trunk hose  
 And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Nose;  
*Like an Old, &c.*

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come,  
 To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,  
 And good chear enough to furnish every old Room,  
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise man  
*Like an Old, &c.* [dumb;

With an old Hunts man, a Falkoner and a Kennel of  
 [Hounds,  
 Which never Hunted, nor Hawked, but in his own  
 [Grounds;  
 Who like an old Wise-man kept himself within his own  
 [bounds,  
 And when he died gave every Child a thousand old  
*Like an Old, &c.* [pounds;

But to his eldest Son, his house and land he assign'd,  
 Charging him in his Will to keep the same bountiful  
 [mind,  
 To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind,  
 But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was  
 [enclin'd;

*Like a young Courtier of the Kings.*

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,  
 That keeps a Brace of Creatures at's own command,  
 And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own Bond,  
 And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go  
*Like a young Courtier, &c.* [nor stand;

With a neat Lady that is fresh and fair,  
 Who never knew what belong'd to good house keeping  
 [or care,  
 But buys several Fans to play with the wanton air,  
 And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other womens  
*Like a young, &c.* [hair;  
 With



With a new Hall built were the old one flood,  
Wherein is burned neither coal, nor wood,  
And a new Shuffle-board-table where never meat flood,  
Hung round with Pictures which doth the poor little  
*Like a young, &c.* [good;

With a new Study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,  
With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,  
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or  
[five days,

With a new *French-Cook* to make Kickshaws and Toyes;  
*Like a young, &c.*

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,  
With a journey up to *London* we must be gone,  
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with  
*Like a young, &c.* [a stone.

With a Gentleman-Usher whose carriage is compleat,  
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat,  
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,  
Who when the Master has din'd gives the servants little  
*Like a young, &c.* [meat;

With a new honour bought with his Fathers Old Gold,  
That many of his Fathers Old Manours hath sold,  
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,  
That good House-keeping is now a days grown so cold;  
*Like a young Courisier of the Kings.*

**Bacchus's Health:** *To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Observed.*

First Man stands up with a Glafs in's hand and Sings.



**H**ere's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,  
 Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,  
 Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*, *I--bo, I--bo, I--bo* ;  
 For he doth merry make us,  
 For he doth merry make us,  
 For he doth merry make us, *I--bo, I--bo, I--bo.*

\* *At this Star they all bow to each other,  
 and sit down.*

† *At this Dagger all the Company beckons to  
 the Drawer.*

\* Come sit ye down together,  
 Come sit ye down together,  
 Come sit ye down together, *I--bo, I--bo, I--bo* ;  
 And † bring more Liquor hither,  
 And bring more Liquor hither,  
 And bring more Liquor hither, *I--bo, I--bo, I--bo.*

\* *At*

\* *At this Star the first Man drinks his Glass while all the other Sing and point at him.*

† *At this Dagger they all sit down, clapping their next Man on the Shoulder.*

It goes into the \* *Cranium,*  
It goes into the *Cranium,*  
It goes into the *Cranium, I-bo, I-bo, I-bo ;*  
And † thou'rt a boon Companion,  
And thou'rt a boon Companion,  
And thou'rt a boon Companion, *I-bo, I-bo, I-bo.*

*Then the 2 Man takes his Glass, all the Company Singing Here's a Health, &c. So round.*

SONG, to the foregoing Tune.

**T** Here was a bonny blade,  
Had marry'd a Country Made ;  
And safely conducted her home, home, home,  
She was neat in ev'ry part,  
And she pleas'd him to the Heart,  
But ah! alas she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the day,  
And brisk as the May :  
And as round, and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb,  
But still the silly Swain,  
Could do nothing but complain,  
Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew and she could Bake,  
She could Sow and she could make ;  
She could Sweep the house with a Broom, Broom, Broom,  
She could Wash and she could wring,  
She could do any kind of thing,  
But ah! alas she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,  
 For to give himself content ;  
 And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum,  
 Oh ! 'tis the easiest part,  
 That belongs unto my Art,  
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb

To the Dr. he did her bring,  
 And he cut her chattering string ;  
 And at liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue, he  
 [Tongue  
 Her Tongue began to walk,  
 And she began to talk,  
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb,

Her faculty she tries,  
 And she fill'd the house with noise ;  
 And she Rattled in his Ears like a drum, drum, drum,  
 She bred a deal of strife,  
 Made him weary of his life,  
 He'd give any thing again she was dumb, dumb, dumb,

To the Dr. then he goes,  
 And thus he vents his Woes ;  
 Oh ! Dr. you've me undone, undone, undone,  
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,  
 And her Tongue can never hold,  
 I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb,

When I did undertake,  
 To make thy Wife to speak ;  
 It was a thing easily done, done, done,  
 But 'tis past the Art of man,  
 Let him do what e're he can,  
 For to make a scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue,  
 [Tongue.

*The West-Countryman's Song on a Wedding.*

Ods hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir,  
 Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir;  
 Tomas the Minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir,  
 And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir:  
 Who the Rat can mind either Bayard or Ball, Sir,  
 Or any thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking I'th'

[Hall, Sir?

E'gad not I! Let Master fret it and storm it I am

[desolv'd?

I'm sure there can be no harm in't

Who would lose the zight of the Lasses and Pages,

And pretty little Sue so true, when she ever engages;

E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

O 4

There's

There's my Lord has got the curious'st Daughter,  
 Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye water ;  
 This is the day the Ladies are all about her,  
 Some to veed her, some to dress her and clout her :  
 Mds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest  
 The pretty littl'st Rogue, and all Men do zay the discreet.  
 [est.

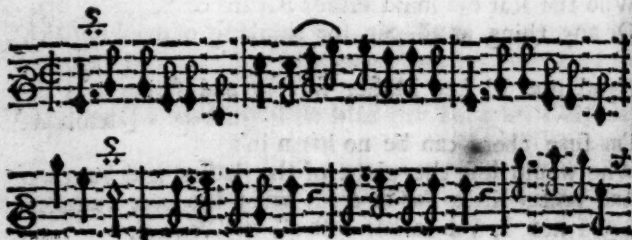
There's ne'er a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,  
 But must give place zince Mrs. *Betty's* creation ;  
 She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,  
 Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie,  
 That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,  
 If *London* Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next my Lady in all her gallant Apparel,  
 Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel ;  
 There's zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,  
 'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White-wine, or Claret ;  
 And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,  
 May tippie off their Cups, untill they lie down on their  
 [Pillows.

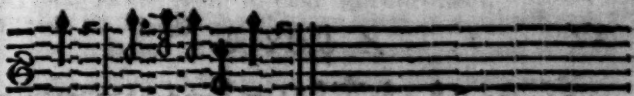
Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't stand scratching thy  
 [head zo,  
 For thither I'll go, Cods-woons, because I have said so.

---

A S O N G.







**J**ocky was as brisk and blith a Lad,  
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden-true:  
But I fear that I shall dye a Maid,  
And never tast the joys of love as others doe,  
When the Wars alarms,  
Call'd him forth to Arms,  
And the Trumpets found,  
Made the shores rebound.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,  
Was too little to confine him here:  
And till he returns I never shall give over,  
Mourning for the absence of my Dear.  
To arms, to arms he cry'd,  
To Love I ffrait reply'd;  
But in vain I strove,  
To perswade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend when Glory is a Rival,  
Or I wou'd have kept my Swain from harms;  
But he thought that he in Glory shou'd survive all,  
When by Honour he was call'd to arms:  
To arms, to arms he cry'd,  
To Love I ffrait reply'd;  
But in vain I strove,  
To perswade my Love.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,  
Was too little to confine him here:  
And till he returns I never shall give over,  
Mourning for the absence of my Dear.



## A SONG.



**Y**ou mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make,  
 And for your brave Valour wou'd pains undertake;  
 Come over for *Flanders*, and there you shall see,  
 How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be,  
     Sing Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys;  
     Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys,  
     Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys drink, boys drink.

If you have been a Citizen broke by mischance,  
 And wou'd by your Courage your credit advance;  
 Here's stuff to be won by ventring your life,  
 So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife;  
     Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Ware Horns, ware Horns,  
     Sing tanta ra, &c. Ware Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have spent all your means,  
 And still your mind runs upon Whores and Queans;  
 Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,  
 From Leaguer to Leaguer in spite of your Foe;  
     Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all, Whores all,  
     Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all.

As soon as you come to your Enemies land,  
Where fat Goose and Capon you have at command;  
Sing take them, or Eat them, or let them alone,  
Sing go out and fetch them, or else you get none;  
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift, make shift,  
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift.

Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,  
If that you can flatter and speak to their mind;  
They will free you from Duty and all other trouble,  
Your Money being gone your Duty comes double;  
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case, hard case,  
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case.

And when you break an Arm or a Leg,  
You shall have your Pass through the Country to Begg;  
Your Officer promises you some other pay,  
But the Souldier never gets it, no not till Dooms-day;  
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. Long time, long time,  
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Long time.

At last when you come to your Enemies Walls,  
Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman falls,  
And when you have done the best that you can,  
Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man;  
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. That's all, that's all,  
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all.

---

A SONG.





**H**er Eyes are like the Morning bright,  
 Her Eyes are like the Morning bright;  
 Her Cheeks like Roses fair;  
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white,  
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white;  
 Like Silk her flowing Hair;  
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white,  
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white;  
 Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as sweet as Odors blown,  
 By *Zephyrus* o'er the Vales:  
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,  
 Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where e'er She breath's where e'er She Sings :  
 How happy are the Groves :  
 How blest ! how much more blest than Kings,  
 The Shepherds that She loves,

With gentle steps lets beat the ground,  
 In Gladsome Couples joyn'd,  
 For Joy that your *Doriuda's* found,  
 And ev'ry Lover kind.

## A SONG.



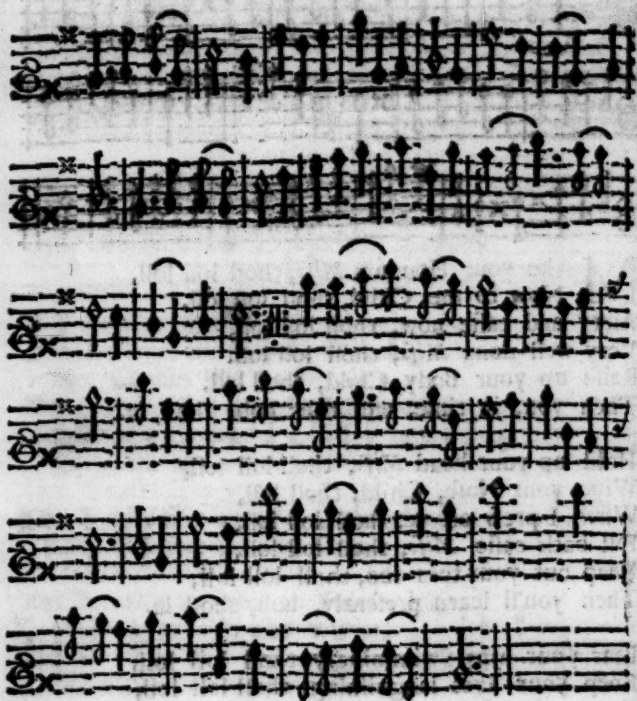
**M**ake your Honours *Miss*, tholl loll loll,  
 Now to me, Child, tholl loll loll.  
 Aiery and easie now, tholl loll loll,  
 Very well done *Miss*, tholl loll loll.  
 Raise up your Body, Child, tholl loll.  
 Then you, in time, will rise: hoh, tholl, la.

Hold up your head *Miss*, tholl loll loll,  
 Wipe your Nose, Child, tholl loll,  
 When I press on ye, tholl loll loll,  
 Fall back easie *Miss*, tholl loll loll,  
 Keep out your toes too, tholl loll loll,  
 Then you'll learn presently, hoh, tholl la.

Bear your hips Swimmingly, tholl loll loll,  
 Keep your Eyes languishing, tholl loll loll,  
 Zoons where's your Ears now? tholl loll loll,  
 Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll,  
 Keep your knees open, tholl loll loll,  
 Else you will never do, hoh, tholl la.

If you will love me *Miss*, tholl loll loll loll,  
 You shall Dance rarely Child, tholl loll loll,  
 You are a Fortune *Miss*, tholl loll loll,  
 And must be Married Child, tholl loll loll,  
 Give me your Money *Miss*, tholl loll loll,  
 Then I will give you my, hoh, tholl la.

## A SONG.



**R**oyal and fair, great *Willy's* dear Blessing,  
 The Charging Regent of the Swains;  
 Heavy with Care, thus sadly Expressing,  
 Her grief, sat weeping on the Plains:  
 Why did my Fate Exalt me so high,  
 If fading State must deprive me of Joy?  
 Since *Willy* is gone,  
 Ah! How vainly shines the Sun,  
 'Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,  
 Waft, waft him to me.

Large

Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Pastures,  
 Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold;  
 Where Ravenous Wolves too fain would be Masters,  
 Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fold:  
*Willy* whilst here, secur'd me from fear,  
 All the *Wild* Herd stood in awe of my Dear;  
 But poor helpless I,  
 Mourning Sigh, and hourly Cry,  
 Let Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,  
 Waft *Willy* to me.

A SONG.







**T**WAS early one morning, the Cock had just Crow'd;  
 Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;  
 My holyday Clothes on, and face newly Mow'd,  
 With a heydown, hoe down, drink your brown Berry;  
 The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet so Red,  
 For the Son was just then getting out, of his Bed,  
 When Teresa and I went to Church to be sped,  
 With a hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to Woove thee;  
 Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me,  
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry ding,  
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtridown derry.

Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print;

*Sing hey ding, &c.*

And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,

*With a hey down, &c.*

Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and

[Plumbs,

And her Teeth that were usefess, for biting her Thumbs,

Had late like ill Tenants, forsaken her Gums;

*With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.*

But when night came on, and we both were a bed?

*Sing hey ding, &c.*

Such strange things were done, there's no more to be said,

*With a hey down, &c.*

Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;

And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,

And so we rose up, the same Fools we lay down;

*With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.*



A SONG.



**D**ear Pinckaninny if half Guinny,  
 To Love will win ye,  
 I lay it here down,  
 We must be Thrifty;  
 'Twill serve to shift ye,  
 And I know fifty,  
 Will do't for a Crown.  
 Dunns come so boldly,  
 Kings Money so slowly  
 That by all things holy,  
 Tis all I can say,  
 Yet I'm so rapt in,  
 The snare that I'm Trapt in,  
 I as I'm true Captain,  
 Give more than my Pay.

Good Captain Thunder,  
 Go mind your Plunder,  
 Od-zounds I wonder,  
 You dare be so bold,

Thus

Thus to be making,  
A Treaty so sneaking,  
Or dream of taking,  
My Fort with small Gold.

Other Town Misses,  
May gape at Ten pieces,  
But who me posselles,  
Full twenty shall pay,  
To all poor Rogues in Buff,  
Thus thus I strut and huff,  
So Captain kick and cuff,  
March on your way.

*A Dialogue between Mr Leveridge and Mr. Edwards representing two Country Boors.*

Cor.



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*Coridon.*

**W**elfare Trumpets Drums and Battling too,  
*Collin* lay, lay, down thy Spade;  
 And never more follow *Adam's* old Trade,  
 But come on to the Warr,  
 Where Swords and Guns are,  
 Rattling now whilst we,  
 March with *Hautboys* merrily,  
 Free hunters of Honour,  
 Thou'rt slave to the pride,  
 Of some Boar of a manner.

*Collin.*

Well what then, much better?  
 Is brown Bread and Water;  
 With Bacon that's Rusty,  
 And Beef tho' 'tis damnable Musty;  
 In course Wooden Platters,  
 And Cook'd up by our Country sluts,  
 Then Slashes and Bruzes,  
 And holes made by Fuzees,  
 Or feeding on Fame,  
 When I'm Crip'd and Lane;  
 Or sent packing with a broad Sword thro' my Guts.  
 Zoon's with a broad Sword thro' my Guts.

*Cori*

*Coridon.*

Dull foul rail no more at Caveleering,  
 What a damp'd scandal it is,  
 To sneak here at home,  
 Grow mouldy with peace,  
 When loud Fame calls thee out.

*Collin.*

I fear my Comission,  
 Will prove but a Vision,  
 For when I am posted,  
 On Mines where I'm like to be Roasted,  
 'Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Com-  
 [mand.

*Coridon.*

Where bold Dragoons are domineering,  
 Thou'lt see Fortune ready to befriend thee,  
 If thou art wounded,  
 For Honour and Valour,  
 Preferment's propounded.

*Collin.*

Or if with much Toyling,  
 I chance to scape Broyling,  
 A damn'd bit of lead,  
 Drills me quite through the Head.  
 How the Devil then shall I kiss the Kings hand,  
 Zoons how shall I kiss the Kings hand.

*To the 2d. Part of the Tune.**Coridon.*

From Bullets and fire,  
 Tho' oft we retire,  
 Our wishes we Crown,  
 When we enter a Town,  
 That is Rich where the Lasses are kind,  
 And the Plunder's refreshing and Cool.

*Collin.*

Collin.

But what if foul Weather,  
Won't let us come thither,  
The Trench full of Water,  
Then is it not better,  
Lie safe at home and our Plowjobbers rule.

Coridon.

Gad zooks you're a cowardly fool.

A SONG.



Great Alexander's Horse,  
Bucephalus by Name;  
That long has been Enrolled,  
Within the Books of Fame:  
But Sir Credulous Easy's Mare,  
So far did him excell;  
She ne'er Run for the Plate,  
But she bore away the Bell:

*S.* With a Nigby, Wheeghy, Yeopoop a,  
Full Caper and Carreer;  
All England cannot shew you,  
Sike another Mare.

And

And to *Bremford* she did come,  
 And an Ale-house she did find;  
 She cou'd not pass it by,  
 But she knew her Masters mind:  
 And as he called for a Pot,  
 She wou'd be, wou'd be sure of Twaia;  
 Which made her such a sott,  
 She ne'er cou'd run again.  
*✠ With a Nigby, &c.*

Since last I saw her face,  
 I heard report is spread;  
 With drinking in that place,  
 This bonny Mare is dead:  
 And the last Words she did say,  
 As she came down the hill,  
 Was ah! that Boul had broke her heart,  
 And so she made her Will.  
*✠ With a Nigby, &c.*

Her fore Hoof she bequeath'd  
 To some Religious fool;  
 Who after her untimely death,  
 Beggs Pardon for her Soul:  
 And her hinder Hoof with which,  
 She play'd full many a trick,  
 She gave to those curs'd Wives,  
 That against their Husbands kick.  
*✠ With a Nigby, &c.*

At the Burial of this Mare,  
 Her Master wept full sore;  
 Because it was reported,  
 He ne'er shou'd see her more:  
 But that which Comforted him,  
 For his departed Friend,  
 Was after all his great loss,  
 She made so good an end.  
*✠ With a Nigby, &c.*

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A SONG.



OF noble Race was *Shinking*,  
 The Line of *Owen Tudor*,  
 Thum, thum, thum, thum,  
 But her renown is fled and gone,  
 Since cruel Love persu'd her.

Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright shining,  
 And Lily breasts Alluring;  
 Poor *Fenkins* heart with fatal Dart,  
 Have wounded past all curing.

Her was the prettiest Fellow  
 At Foot-ball, or at Crickett;  
 At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,  
 Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

But now all joy's are flying,  
 All pale and wan her Cheeks too;  
 Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes,  
 Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

No more must dear *Metheglin*,  
 Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;  
 And if Love sore, smart one week more,  
 Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flomery.



## A SONG.

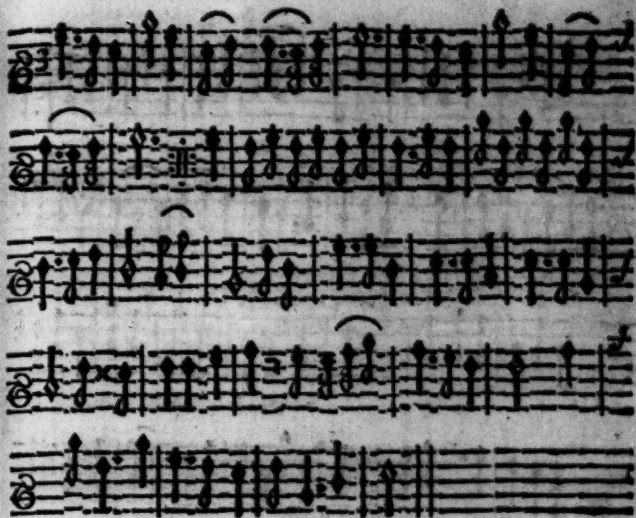


**I**F Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment,  
 If a bitter, oh tell me whence comes my content?  
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,  
 Or grieve at my Fate when I know 'tis in vain?  
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart.

I press her hand gently, look languishing down,  
 And by Passionate silence I make my Love known;  
 But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake, to discover her Love;  
 When in striving to hide, she returns all her Flame,  
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

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A S O N G.



Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound ;  
 Come if you dare, the Foes rebound :  
 We come, we come, we come, we come,  
 Says the double, double, double Beat of the Thundring,  
 Now they charge on amain, Drum.  
 Now they rally again :  
 The Gods from above the mad labour behold,  
 And Pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

The Fainting *Saxons* quit their Ground,  
 Their Trumpets Languish in the Sound ;  
 They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly ;  
 Victoria, Victoria, the Bold *Britons* cry.  
 Now the Victory's won,  
 To the Plunder we run :  
 We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,  
 Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquisht Invaders.

## A SONG



**H**ow blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,  
 While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms!  
 Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm passes;  
 And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.  
 All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing;  
 All the Night on our Flutes, and enjoying,  
 All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended,  
 Let not your Days without Pleasure expire;  
 Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,  
 All Men will praise you, but none will desire.  
 Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;  
 Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.  
 Let not Youth, &c.

A SONG.



**T** Obacco is but an *Indian* weed,  
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve;  
It shows our decay,  
We are but clay,  
*Think of this and take Tobacco.*

The Pipe that is so Lily-white,  
Wherein so many take delight;  
Is broke with a touch,  
Man's life is such,  
*Think of, &c.*

The Pipe that is so foul within,  
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with sin;  
It does require,  
To be purg'd with fire,  
*Think of, &c.*

The Ashes that are left behind,  
Does serve to put us all in mind;  
That into dust,  
Return we must,  
*Think of, &c.*

The smoak that does so high ascend,  
Shews you Man's life must have an end,  
The Vapour's gone,  
Man's life is done,  
*Think of, &c.*

## A SONG.



O Raree Show, O brave Show,  
O pretty Show, who see my fine a Show?

O Raree Show, O Brave Show,  
Who see my pretty Show?

*Quand la Cigala Canta fa pasboun travailler,  
Fadboun estr'a 'lombretta a 'lombretta,  
Fa boun estr'a 'lombretta Calignar.*

Here's de *English* and *French* to each oder most civil,  
Shake hands and be Friends and hugg like de Devil:  
O Raree Show, O Bravee Show, O pretty Gallant a Show

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging thro' *France*,  
To sweep a de *Shimney*, to Sing and to Dance.  
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de great *Turk*, and de Great King of no Land;  
A Galloping bravely from *Hung'ry* and *Poland*.  
O Raree Show, &c. Here's

Here's de brave *Englisb Beau*, for de packet Bot tarries,  
To go make his Campain, vid his Taylor at *Paris*  
*O Raree Show, &c.*

Here be de honest Capitain a cursing de Peace,  
Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Mifs,  
*O Raree Show, &c.*

Here be de *Englisb Ships* bring Plenty and Riches,  
And dere de *French Caper* a mending his Breeches.  
*O Raree Show, &c.*

Here be de Jacks set out Lights and dissemble,  
And here be de Mob make 'um squitter and tremble.  
*O Raree Show, &c.*

Here be de Sea Captain a reeling ashore.  
Here's one spend all his Pay, and boarding a Whore.  
*O Raree Show, &c.*

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouses,  
And here be de Soldiers a storming deir Spouses.  
*O Raree Show, bravee Show, who see my fine Show ?*

---

A SONG.







**T**He Danger is over, the Battle is past,  
 The Nymph had her fears, but she ventur'd at last;  
 She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,  
 She smil'd at her folly, and own'd she had won:  
 By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd,  
 Her Blushes become her, her passion is eas'd;  
 She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down,  
 If she sighs 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,  
 All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;  
 Who have lost precious time, and you who are losing,  
 Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing:  
 Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind,  
 You'll find your selves happy, when once you are kind;  
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,  
 You'll feel the loss little, and much to be won.



A SONG.



**W**ully and Georgy now beath are gean,  
 To see their lovely Flocks a feeding;  
 Fenny and Moggy too follow'd them,  
 For fear they should be now a breeding:  
 Out of London Town they aw did trip it,  
 Down to play at new boopeep at Tunbridge Well;  
 But how they play'd or what they said,  
 The De'el his sell can only tell.

Moggy had bearns Four, Five or Six,  
 But Fenny was a young beginner;  
 Sure to her trading now she will fix,  
 The Kirke has made her a young sinner:  
 To London Town they're gean,  
 Each with a muckle weam;  
 And Georgy now to Scotland he mun run,  
 Fare him weel ene take him De'el:  
 Poor Fenny now is quite undone.

## A SONG.



**S**ing, sing whilst we trip it, trip, trip it,  
 Trip, trip it upon the Green:  
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall,  
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall,  
 No Nothing, no Nothing, offend,  
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen;  
 No Nothing, no Nothing, no Nothing,  
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen;  
 No Nothing, no Nothing, no Nothing,  
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

## A SONG.



**Y**ou Lasses and Lads take leave of your Dads,  
 And away to the May-pole hye;  
 There is every he has gotten a she,  
 And a fidler standing by,  
 There is *Fockey* has gotten his *Fenny*,  
 And *Johnny* has gotten his *Fone*,  
 And there they do jugget, and jugget,  
 And jugget up and down.

You're out said *Dick*, you lie said *Nick*,  
 The Fidler play'd it false;  
 And so said *Narr*, and so said *Kerr*,  
 And so said nimble *Ealse*:  
 With that the Fidler he,  
 Did play the Tune again;  
 And then they did foot it, and foot it;  
 And foot it unto the men.

Three times in an hour they went to a bower,  
 to play for Ale and Cakes;  
 And Kisses to whom they were due,  
 The Lasses held the stakes:  
 The Lasses they began,  
 To quarrel with the men;  
 And bid them take their Kisses back,  
 And give them their own again.

## A SONG.



**W**Hat ungratefull Devil moves you!  
 Come, come my Friend, the Truth declare;  
 You Love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* Loves you;  
 Why, why then will you Wed the Pair?  
 Marriage joyning does discover,  
 But Love-freeing joyns for Life:  
 Wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you,  
 Love the Nymph forever?  
 Never, never, never, never, never, never,  
 Let her be your Wife.

*A New Song Set by Mr. Barincloth.*



**A** Ll Hands up a loft,  
 Swab the Coach fore and aft ;  
 For the Punch Clubbers straight will be fitting,  
 For fear the Ship rowl  
 Sling off a full Bowl,  
 For our honour let all things be fitting :  
 In an Ocean of Punch  
 We to Night will all Sail,  
 T' th' Bowl we're in Sea-room.  
 Enough we ne'er fear :  
 Here's to thee Messmate,  
 Thanks honest Tom,  
 'Tis a health to the King,  
 Whilst the Larboard-man drinks,  
 Let the Starboard-man Sing.

*With full double Cups,  
 We'll Liquor our Chops,  
 And then we'll turn out,  
 With a Who up, Who, Who,  
 But let's drink e'er we go,  
 But let's drink e'er we go.*

The Winds veering aft,  
 Then loose ev'ry Sail ;  
 She'll bear all her Topsails a trip,  
 Heave the Logg from the Poop,  
 It blows a fresh gale,  
 And a Just account on the board keep :  
 She runs the eight Knots,  
 And eight Cups to my thinking,  
 That's a Cup for each Knot,  
 Must be fill'd for our drinking,  
 Here's to thee Skipper,  
 Thanks honest John,  
 'Tis a health to the King,  
 Whilst the one is a drinking,  
 The other shall fill.

*With full double Cups,  
 We'll Liquor our, &c.*



The Quartier must Cun,  
Whilst the foremast-man Steers;  
Here's a health to each Port where e'er bound,  
Who delays, 'tis a Bumper,  
Shall be drub'd at the Geers,  
The depth of each Cup therefore sound:  
To our noble Commander,  
To his honour and wealth,  
May he drown and be damn'd,  
That refuses the health,  
Here's to thee *Harry*,  
Thanks honest *will*,  
Old true penny still,  
Whilst the one is a drinking,  
The other shall fill.

*Wish full double Cups,  
We'll Liquor our, &c.*

What News on the Deck Ho?  
It blows a meer Storm;  
She lies a try under her Mizon,  
Why what tho' She does?  
Will it do any harm?  
If a Bumper more does us all reason:  
The Bowl must be fill'd Boys,  
In spight of the Weather,  
Yea, yea huzza-let's howl all together,  
Here's to thee, *Peter*,  
Thanks honest *Joe*,  
About let it go;  
In the Bowl still a calm is,  
Where e'er the Winds blow.

*Wish full double Cups,  
We'll Liquor our, &c.*

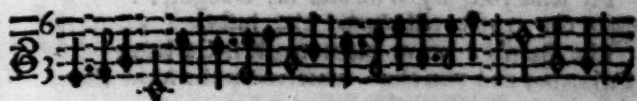


*A New Scotch Song Set by M. Akeroyde.*

**A**S I went o'er yon misty Moor,  
 'Twas on an evening late, Sir,  
 There I met with a weel far'd lass,  
 Was spanning of her gate, Sir:  
 I took her by the lily white hand,  
 And by the Twatt I caught her,  
 I swear and vow and tell you true,  
 She pist in my hand with laughter.

The silly poor wench she lay so still,  
 You'd swear she had been dead, Sir,  
 The deil a word at aw she said, but ay,  
 And bow'd her, her head, Sir:  
 Kind Sir, quoth she you'll kill me here,  
 But I'll forgive the slaughter;  
 You make such motions with your A—  
 You'll split my sides with laughter.

## A New SONG, Set by Mr. J. Clark.



**H** Ark the Cock crow'd, 'tis Day all abroad,  
 And looks like a jolly fair morning;  
 Up Roger and James and drive out your Teams,  
 Up quickly to carry the Corn inn:  
 Davy the drowzy and Barnaby bowzy,  
 At Breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer boys;  
 Sluggards shall chatter with small-drink and water,  
 Whilst you shall cope off the March-beer, boys.

Lassies that snore for shame give it o'er,  
 Mouth open the flies will be blowing;  
 To get us flout Hum when *Christmas* is come,  
 Away where the Barley is mowing:  
 In your Smock sleeves too, go bind up the Sheaves too,  
 With nimble young Rowland and Harry;  
 Then when works over, at night give each Lover,  
 A Hugg and a Buss in the Dairy.

Two for the Mow, and two for the Plow,  
 Is then the next labour comes after ;  
 I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,  
 I'll send you my Wife and my Daughter :  
*Roger* the trusty, tell *Rachel* the lusty,  
 The Barn's a brave place to steal Garters ;  
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow then,  
 And take it all night for your Quarters.

*A New Song Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.*



**T** O Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, 'tis pretty it makes us



Gay ; to Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, is pretty, is pretty



to frolick and play ; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no 'tis folly to Kifs, 'tis folly ; no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no ; 'tis jolly to kifs, 'tis jol-ly ;



'Tis pretty to Kifs, 'tis pretty to Kifs, 'tis pretty I'll



tell you why, 'tis pretty to Kifs, 'tis pretty to Kifs to



Love, but not to dye ; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, Kissing till you're out of breath, 'tis foolish



to Kifs, 'tis foolish, 'tis foolish to Kifs to death.

*The 2d. Part of St. George for England, by the  
late John Grub, M. A. of Christ's-  
Church Oxon, 10 the same Tune, P. 136.*

**T**He Story of King *Arthur* is very memorable,  
The Number of his valiant Knights and roundness  
of his Table;

His Knights around his Table in a Circle sate, d'ye' see,  
And altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry;  
He had a Sword both broad and sharp that yclyp'd Cali-  
burn,

Would cut a flint more easie than a Penknife cut a Corn;  
A case Knife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a  
Rock,

And split a man at single slash from noddle down to nock;  
He was the Cream of *Brecknock* and the flower of all the  
*Welsh*,

But *George* he did the Dragon fall, and gave him a pla-  
guy squelsh;

*St. George he was for fair England,*

*St. Dennis was for France,*

*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

*Tamerlain* with *Tartarian* bow the *Turkish* Squadrons flew,  
And fetcht the *Pagan* Crescent down with half moon  
made of Yew;

His trusty Bow proud *Turks* did gall with showers of Ar-  
rows thick,

And Bow-string without throtling sent Grand *Viser* to  
old nick;

Much *Turbants* and much *Pagan* pates he made to tum-  
ble in dust,

And heads of *Saracen's* he fixt on Spear as on a sign post;  
He coop'd in cage *Bajazet* the prop of *Mabomer's* Religion,  
As if he'd been the whispering bird that prompted him,  
the Pidgeon;

In *Turkey* leather Scabbard he sheath'd his blade so tren-  
chant,

But *George* he swing'd the Dragons tail and cut off ev'ry  
*St George he was, &c.*

*Achilles* of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horse for to ride,  
Was taught by *Centaurs* rational parts the Animal to  
bestride ;

Bright Silver feet and shining face had the stout *Heros*  
Mother,

As *Rapiers* Silver'd at one end and wound us at the other;  
Her feet were bright, her feet were swift as hawk pursu-  
ing Sparrow,

Her's had the metal, 'tis the speed of *Braban's* Silver  
Arrow ;

*Thetis* to the Pedagogue commits her dearest boy,  
Who bred him from a slender Twig to be the Scourge  
of *Troy* ;

But e'er he lash'd the *Trojans* he was in *Stygian* water  
steep,

As birch is soaked first in Pils when Boys are to be whipt;  
His Skin exceeding hard, he rose from lake so black and  
muddy,

As *Lobsters* rising from the Sea, with shells about their  
body ;

And as from *Lobsters* broken Claws, pick out the flesh  
you might,

So might you from one unshell'd heel, dig pieces of the  
Knight ;

His *Myrmidons* rob'd *Priam's* Barns, and hen rosts, say  
the Song,

Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants from  
which they sprung ;

Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloon, and sent him down  
bare breech'd,

To *Pedant Radamantus* in posture to be switch'd,

But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd bin bewitcht;  
*St. George* he was, &c.

The *Amazon Thalestria* was Beautyfull and bold,

She Sear'd her Breasts with Iron hot, and bang'd her  
foes with cold ;

Her hands were like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps  
proud mortals under,

It



It shone just like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder;

Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blast the proudest he that swagger'd,

And melt that Rapier of his Soul in its corporeal Scabbard;

With Beauty she great *Lapland* Charm'd, poor men she did bewitch all,

Still a blind whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her screech-owle;

Her Beauty and her Drum did cause amazement double,  
As *Timorous* Larks amazed are with light and with a low-Bell;

She kept the Chastness of a *Nun* in Armour as in a Cloyster,

But *George* undid the Dragon, as you'd undo an Oyster;  
*St. George he was, &c.*

Full fatal to the *Romans* was the *Caribaginian Hannibal*,  
Him I mean who gave them such a devilish thump at *Canna*;

*Moors* thick as Goats on *Penwinmaur* stood on the *Alpes's* front,

Their one Ey'd guide like blinking Mole bor'd through the hindring mount;

Who baffled by the massy Rock, took Vinegar for relief,

Like Plow-men when they hew their way through stubborn rump of Beef;

As dancing Louts from humid toes cast atomes of ill favour,

To blinking *Hial* when on vile rout he Merriment does endeavour;

And on harmonious timber saws a wretched tune to quiver,

Just so the *Romans* stunk at sight of *African* conniver;  
The tawny surface of his Phiz did serve instead of Vizard,

But *George* he made the Dragon have a grumbling in his gizzard;]  
*St. George he was, &c.* Pe-



*Pendragon* like his Father *Jove* was fed with Milk of Goat,  
And like him made a noble Shield of the Goats shagged  
Coat;

On top of burnish'd Helmet he wore a Crest of leek,  
And Onion heads with dreadfull nod drew tears down  
hostile cheeks;

Itch and welsh blood did make him hot, and very prone  
to ire,

He was ting'd with brimstone like a match, and would  
as soon take fire;

And brimstone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave him  
occasion,

His postern puff of wind was a Sulphureous exhalation;  
The *Britain* never Tergivers'd, but was for adverse  
drubing,

Nor never turn'd his back to ought but to a post for  
Scrubbing;

His Sword would serve for Battle or for Dinner if you  
please,

When it had slain a *Cheeshire* man 'twould tost a *Cheeshire*  
Cheese;

He wounded and in their own blood did Anabaptize  
*Pagans*,

But *George* he made the Dragon an example to all  
Dragons;

*St. George* he was &c.

*Gorgon* a twisted *Adder* wore for knott upon her shoul-  
der,

She kemb'd her hissing periwig and curling Snakes did  
powder;

These Snakes they made stiff Changelings of all the  
folk they his'd on,

They turned Barbers into Hones, and Masons into free-  
Stone,

Sworded Magnetick *Amazon* her shield to load-stone  
changes,

The amorous Sword by mystick Belt clung fast unto her  
hanches;

*This*

This Shield long Village did protect, and kept the Army from Town,  
 And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks that came to invade long *Compton*;  
 The Post diluvian Stone unmans, and *Pyrrha's* work unravels,  
 And Stares *Deucalion's* hardy Boys into their primitive pebbles;  
 Red Noses she to rubies turns, and nodles into Bricks,  
 But *George* made the Dragon laxative and gave him a bloody flix;  
*St George* he was, &c.

Brave *Warwicks* Guy at Dinner time challeng'd a Gyant Savage,  
 And straight came out the unwieldy lout brim full of wrath and Cabbage;  
 He had a Phiz of latitude and was full thick i'th middle,  
 The cheeks of puffed Trumpeter and paunch of Squire-Beadle;  
 But the Knight fell at him like an Oak and did upon his back tread,  
 The Valiant *Guy* his Weason cutt and *Atropus* his pack-thread;  
 Besides he fought with a Dun Cow as say the Poets Witty,  
 A dreadfull Dun, and horned too, like Dun of Oxford City;  
 The fervent dog-days made her mad by causing heat of weather,  
*Syrius* and *Procyon* baited her as a Bull-dogg did her Father;  
 Grasiers nor Butchers this fell beast e'er of her frolick hinder'd,  
*John Dorset* she'd knock down as flat as *John* knocks down his Kindred;  
 Her heels would lay ye all along and kick into a Swoon,  
 Cow heels at *Frewins* keep up your Corps, but here 'twould beat you down;

She

She vanquish many a sturdy Knight and proud was of  
the honor,  
Was pult by mawling Butchers, as if they themselves  
had blown her;  
At once she kick'd and push'd at *Guy*, but all that would  
not fright him,  
Who waved his whinyard o'er her loyn as if he'd gon  
to knight him;  
He let her blood her frensy to cure and eke he did  
her gall rip.  
His trenchant blade like Cooks long Spit ran through  
the monsters bald Rib;  
He rear'd up the vast crook'd Rib instead of Arch  
Triumphal,  
But *George* hit'th Dragon such a pelt which made him,  
on his bum fall;  
St. *George*'be was, &c.

Great *Hercules* the offspring was of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,  
One part of him celestial was, the other part Terrene;  
To Scale the Walls of's Cradle two fiery Snakes com-  
bin'd,  
And just like unto Swadling cloaths about the Infant  
twin'd;  
But he put out these Dragons fires and did their his-  
sing stop.  
As red hot Iron with hissing noise is quench'd in black-  
smiths Shop;  
He cleans'd a Stable and rubb'd down the Horses of  
Guests and new comers,  
And out of Horse dung he rais'd fame as *Tom Wrench*  
raises Cucumbers;  
He made a River help him through *Alpheus* was under  
Groom,  
The stream grumbling at office mean ran marm'ring  
through the room;  
This liquid Ostler to prevent being tired much with  
long work,  
His Father *Neptune*'s trident took instead of three tooth'd  
dung fork;  
This

This *Hercules* as Soldier and as Spinster could take pains,  
 His Club it would sometimes Spin flax and sometimes  
 knock out brains;  
 He was, forc'd to Spin his Miss a Shift, by *Juno's* wrath  
 and her spite,  
 Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his wheel as Cooks whip  
 barking Turnspit;  
 From man or Churn he well knew how to get him la-  
 sting fame,  
 He'd baste a Gyant till the blood, and milk till Butter  
 came;  
 Often he fought with huge Battoon, and often times  
 he Boxed,  
 Tap'd a fresh Monster once a month as *Harvey* doth fresh  
 Hogthead;  
 To stiff *Anteus* he gave a hug, such as folks give in *Corn-*  
*wall*,  
 But *George* he did the Dragon kill as dead as any door  
 nail;

*St. George he was, &c.*

The Valour of *Domitian* it must not be forgotten,  
 Who from the Jaws of worm blowing fly free'd suppli-  
 ant Veal and Mutton;  
 A Squadron of flies arrant against the foe appears,  
 With Regiment of buzzing wights and swarms of Vo-  
 lunteers;  
 The Warlike Wasp encourag'd them with's animating  
 humm,  
 And the loud brazen Hornet he was the Kettle drum;  
 The *Spaniard Don Cantharido* did him most sorely pester,  
 And rais'd on skin of ventrous Knight full many a pla-  
 guy blister;  
 A Bee whipt through his button hole as through key  
 hole a Witch,  
 And stab'd him with a little Tuck drawn from his Scab-  
 bard breech;  
 But the undaunted Knight lift's up an Arm so big and  
 brawny,

And

And flisht her so that here lay head, and there lay bag  
 of Honey ;  
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift as Weapon made  
 by Cyclops,  
 And bravely quell'd Seditious Buz, by dint of massy  
 fly flaps ;  
 Surviving fly did Curses breath, and Maggots too at  
 Caesar,  
 But George he shav'd the Dragons beard and askeen was  
 his Razor ;

*St. George be was, &c.*

The *Gemini* sprung of an Egg were put into a Cra-  
 dle,  
 Their brains with knocks and bottl'd Ale were often-  
 times full addle ;  
 And scarcely hatch'd these Sons of him that hurls the  
 bolt trifurcate,  
 With helmet shell and tender head did tustle with  
 read By'd Polecat ;  
*Castor* a horseman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was I wist,  
 The one was fam'd for Iron heel, the other for leaden  
 fist ;  
*Pollux* to shew he was a God when he was in a passion,  
 Which first made Noses fall down flat by way of adora-  
 tion ;  
 This fist as sure as *French* disease demollisht Noses  
 ridges, [Bridges ;  
 He like a certain Lord was fam'd for breaking down of  
*Castor* the flame of fiery Steed with well spur'd Boots  
 lookt down, [Town ;  
 As men with leathern bucketts do quench fire in the  
 His famous Horse that liv'd on Oats is Sung on Oaten  
 quill,  
 By *Bards* immortal provender the nag surviveth still ;  
 This brood of Eggs on none but Rogues employ'd  
 their brisk Artillery,  
 But flew as naturally at a Rogue as Eggs at Knaves on  
 Pillory ;  
 Much sweat they spent in furious flight, much blood they  
 did effund, Their

Their whites they vented through their pores, their  
 yolks through gaping wound,  
 Then both from blood and dust were cleans'd to make  
 a heavenly sign,  
 The lads just like their Armour were scour'd and hang'd  
 up to shine;  
 Thus were the heav'nly double Dicks the Sons of Jove  
 and *Tinder*,  
 But *George* he cutt the Dragon up as't had bin Duck or  
 Winder;      *St. George he was, &c.*

By Boar Spear *Meleager* acquir'd a lasting name,  
 And out of hanch of basted Swine, he hew'd eternal  
 fame;  
 The beast the Heroes Trouzers rip'd, and rudely shew'd  
 their bare breech,  
 Prick'd but the Wem and out there came Heroick Guts  
 and Garbadage;  
 Leggs were secured with Iron boots no more than peas  
 by peas cods,  
 Brass Helmets with enclosed Skulls would crackle in's  
 mouth like Chesnuts;  
 His tawney Hairs erected were by rage that was resistless,  
 And wrath in thread of Coblers wax did stiffen her ri-  
 sing bristles;  
 His Tuck lay'd doggs to sleep that whip nor bugle horn  
 could wake'em,  
 It made them vent both their last blood, and their last  
*Album grecum*;  
 But the Knight gor'd him with his Spear to make of  
 him a tame one,  
 And Arrows thick instead of Cloves he stuck in Monsters  
 gamon;  
 For Monumental pillar that his Victory might be known,  
 He rais'd up in Cylandrick form a Collar of the Brawn;  
 He sent his shade to shades below in *Sygyian* mud to  
 wallow,  
 And eke the stout *St. George* as soon he made the Dra-  
 gon follow;  
     *St. George he was, &c.*



# POEMS,

## On Several Occasions.

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### *The FRYER and the MAID.*

**A**S I lay musing all alone  
A merry Tale I thought upon;  
Now listen a while and I will you tell  
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lads well.

He came to her when she was going to bed,  
Desiring to have her Maiden-head;  
But she denied his desire,  
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou need'st not doubt,  
If thou were't in Hell, I could sing thee out:  
Why then, quoth the Maid, thou shalt have thy request;  
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his nest.

But one thing more I must request,  
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire,  
That is for doing of the thing,  
An Angel of Mony you must me bring.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,  
No Money shall part thee and me;  
Before thy company I will lack,  
I'll pawn the Gray-gown off my back.

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,  
How she might this Fryer beguile;



When he was gone, the truth to tell,  
She hung a Cloth before a Well.

The Fryer came, as his bargain was,  
With Mony unto his bonny Lads ;  
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow, quoth she;  
Here his the Mony I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the money ;  
Now let's go to't my own sweet Honey :  
Nay, stay a while, some respite make,  
If my Master should come, he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid, my Master doth come ;  
Alas! quoth the Fryer, were shall I run ;  
Behind yon Cloth run thou quoth she,  
For there my Master cannot see.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,  
And was in the Well incontinent :  
Alas! quoth he, I'm in the Well ;  
No matter quoth she if thou were't in Hell.

Thou said'st thou could'st sing me out of Hell,  
I prithe thee sing thy self out of the Well ;  
Sing out, quoth she, with all thy might,  
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all night,

The Fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,  
Oh! help me out or I shall be Drown'd :  
She heard him make such pitiful moan,  
She hope him out, and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was serv'd so before ;  
Away, quoth the Wench, come here no more ;  
The Fryer he walked a long the street  
As if he had been a new washed Sheep,  
Sing hey down a derry ; and let's be merry,  
And from such sin ever to keep.

*The Virtue of SACK, by Dr. Hen. Edwards.*

**F**etch me *Ben. Johnson's* Skull, and fill't with Sack,  
 Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack  
 Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree  
 It was no sin to be as drunk as he:  
 If there be any weakness in the wine,  
 There's virtue in the Cup to make't divine;  
 This muddy drench of Ale does tast too much  
 Of earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch  
 Of the dull hand that sows it; and I fear  
 There's heresie in Hops; give *Calvin Beer*,  
 And his precise Disciples, such as think  
 There's Powder treason in all *Spanish* drink;  
 Call Sack an Idol, nor will kiss the Cup,  
 For fear their Conventicle be blown up  
 With superstition: give to these Brew-house alms;  
 Whose best mirth is Six shillings Beer, and Psalms:  
 Let me rejoyce in sprightly Sack, that can  
 Create a brain even in an empty pan.  
*Canary!* it's thou that dost inspire  
 And actuate the soul with heavenly fire;  
 That thou sublim'st the Genius, making wit  
 Scorn earth, and such as love or live by it;  
 Thou make'st us Lords of Regions large and fair,  
 Whilst our conceits build Castles in the air:  
 Since fire, earth, air, thus they inferiours be,  
 Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee:  
 Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!  
 Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,  
 Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)  
 In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks:  
 And do esteem my venerable self  
 As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf  
 Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way  
 Already how to spend it; I would pay  
 No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,  
 And change the gold for Sack to keep me drunk;

And so by consequence till rich *Spains* wine  
 Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine :  
 And when my brains are once a foot (heaven bless us !)  
 I think my self a better man than *Craesus*,  
 And now I do conceit my self a Judge,  
 And coughing laugh to see my Clients trudge  
 After my Lordships Coach unto the Hall  
 For Justice, and am full of Law withal.  
 And do become the Bench as well as he  
 That fled long since for want of honesty :  
 But I'll be Judge no longer though in jest,  
 For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest  
 When I am sober ; who can chuse but think  
 Me wise, that am so wary in my drink !  
 Oh admirable Sack ! here's dainty sport,  
 I am come back from *Westminster* to Court ;  
 And am grown young again ; my Ptsick now  
 Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow  
 Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,  
 When she invites young lovers forth to play  
 Upon her flowry bosom : I could win  
 A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to sin,  
 Oh for a score of Queens ! you'd laugh to see  
 How they would strive which first should ravish me :  
 Three Goddesses were nothing : Sack has tipt  
 My tongue with charms like those which *Paris* sipt  
 From *Venus*, when she taught him how to kiss  
 Fair *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliss :  
 Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone  
 Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone :  
 Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire,  
 Hard, to the touch, but short in her desire.  
 Inestimable Sack ! thou mak'st us rich,  
 Wise, amorous, any thing ; I have an itch  
 To t'other cup, and that perchance will make  
 Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake ;  
 If I be once inflam'd against thy Nose  
 That could preach down thy worth in small-beer Prose,  
 I should do miracles as bad, or worse,  
 As he that gave the King an hundred Horse.

T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd  
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward  
With mine own hands from fove upon their backs  
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks,  
Let it be full, if I do chance to spill  
Ov'r my Standish by the way, I will  
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen,  
Write my self sober, and fall to't agen.

On a Combat of Cocks, the Norfolk, and the Wis-  
bich, by Mr. Tho. Randolph.

GO you tame Gallants you that have the name,  
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,  
That have brave spurs to shew for't and can crow,  
And count all dung-hill breed that cannot shew  
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think no vice,  
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice;  
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,  
If y' are no fighting Cocks, y' are not for me:  
I of two feather'd Combatants will write;  
He that to th' life means to express the fight,  
Must make his ink o' th' blood which they did spill,  
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO sooner were the doubtful people set,  
The matches made, and all that would had bet,  
But straight the skilful Judges of the Play,  
Bring forth their sharp heel'd Warriours, and they  
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet,  
Before they dy'd to have their winding-sheet.  
With that in th' pit they are put, and when they were  
Both on their feet, the Norfolk Chanticleere  
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,  
And like a challenger begins to crow,  
And shakes his wings, as if he would display  
His Warlike colours, which were black and gray:  
Mean time the wary *Wishich* walks and breaths  
His active body, and in fury wreaths

His

His comely crest, and often looking down,  
 He whets his angry beak upon the ground:  
 With that they meet, not like the coward breed  
 Of *Æsop*, that can better fight than feed:  
 They scorn the dung-hill; 'tis their only prize,  
 To dig for Pearl within each others eyes.  
 They fight so long that it was hard to know  
 To th' skilful whether they did fight or no,  
 Had not the blood which died the fatal floor  
 Born witness of it; yet they fight the more,  
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick  
 Their fury forward; lightning's not more quick  
 Nor red than were their eyes: 'twas hard to know  
 Whether it was blood or anger made them so:  
 And sure they had been out, had they not stood  
 More safe by being fenc'd in by blood.  
 Yet still they fight, but now (alas !) at length  
 Although their courage be full tryed, their strength  
 And Blood began to ebb; you that have seen  
 A water combate on the Sea, between  
 Two roaring angry boyling billows, how  
 They march and meet and dash their curled brows  
 Swelling like graves, as if they did intend  
 To intomb each other, ere the quarrel end:  
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,  
 They are made friends, and sweetly run together,  
 May think these Champions such; their combs grow low  
 And they that leapt even now, now scarce can go:  
 Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt  
 (As if they did applaud themselves) now flap;  
 And having lost the advantage of the heel,  
 Drunk with each others blood they only reel.  
 From either eyes such drops of blood did fall;  
 As if they wept them for their Funeral.  
 And yet they would fain fight, they came so near,  
 As if they meant into each others ear  
 To whisper death; and when they cannot rise,  
 They lie and look blows in each others eyes.  
 But now the Tragick part after the fight  
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,

And

And *Wisbick* lay a dying, so that none,  
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,  
Contracting (like a dying Taper) all  
His force as meaning with that blow to fall;  
He struggles up and having taken wind,  
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.  
And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,  
Fights only guided by the Antipathies:  
With him (alas) the proverb holds not true,  
The blows his eyes ne'er see his heart most rue.  
At length by chance he stumbled on his foe,  
Not having any power to strike a blow,  
He falls upon him with a wounded head,  
And makes his conquering wings his Feather-bed:  
Where lying sick his friends were very chafed  
Of him, and fetcht in hast an Apothecary;  
But all in vain his body did so blister,  
That 'twas incapable of any glister;  
Wherefore at length, opening his fainting bill  
He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

**I**Nprimis, Let it never be forgot,  
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,  
Decently to be boil'd, and for its tomb  
Let it be buried in some hungry womb.  
Item, Executors I will have none,  
But he that on my side laid seven to one:  
And like a Gentleman that he may live,  
To him and to his heirs my comb I give,  
Together with my brains, that all may know,  
That oftentimes his brains did use to crow.  
Item, It is my will to the weaker ones,  
Whose *Wives* complain of them, I give my stones;  
To him that's dull, I do my spurs impart;  
And to the Coward, I bequeath my heart:  
To Ladies that are light, it is my will,  
My feathers should be given; and for my bill  
I'd give't a Taylor, but it is so short,  
That I'm afraid he'll rather curse me for't:

And



And for the Apothecaries fee, who meant  
 To give me a Glister, let my Rump be sent.  
 Lastly because I feel my life decay,  
 I yeild, and give to Wisbich Cock the day.

*On a FART in the Parliament-House,*

*By Sir JOHN SUCKLIN.*

Down came Grave Antient Sir *John Crooke*  
 And read his message in a book,  
 Very well quoth *Will. Norris*, is it so,  
 But Mr. *Pym's* Tayl cry'd no.  
 Eye, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this passage  
 To have a Fart intervolutary in the midst of a message;  
 Then up starts one fuller of Devotion  
 Than Eloquence, and said, a very ill Motion:  
 Not so neither quoth Sir *Henry Fensing*,  
 The motion was good but for the Stinking;  
 Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick  
 To Fart in the Face of the Body Politick;  
 Sir *Ferome* in Folio swore by the Mass  
 This Fart was enough to have blown a Glas:  
 Quoth then Sir *Ferome* the lesser, such an abuse  
 Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor in *Pruce*.  
 Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Justice i'th *Quorum*  
 Would tak't in snuff to have a Fart let before him:  
 If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Holecraft*,  
 I would make of this Fart a Bolt or a Shaft;  
 Then quoth Sir *John Moor* to his great commendation,  
 I will speak to this House in my wonted Fashion,  
 Now surely says he, For as much as how be it  
 This Fart to the Serjeant we must commit.  
 No quoth the Serjeant, low bending his knees,  
 Farts oft will break Prisons but never Pay Fees;  
 Besides this motion with small reason stands,  
 To charge me with that I can't keep in my hands:  
 Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas so readily let,  
 I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet.      Why



Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)  
 Speak no more of it but bury it with sweetwood.  
 Grave Senate, quoth *Duncomb*, upon my salvation  
 This Fart stands in need of some great Reformation.  
 Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my conscience,  
 It would be reformed with a little Frankincense.  
 Quoth Sir *Roger Alton* it would much mend the matter  
 If this Fart were shaven, and wash't with Rose-water,  
*Per verbum Principis*, how dare I tell it,  
 A Fart by here-say, and not see it nor smell it.  
 I am glad quoth Sir *Sam. Lewknor* we have found a thing,  
 That no tale-bearer can carry it the King.  
 Such a Fart as this was never seen  
 Quoth the learned Council of the Queen.  
 Yet quoth Sir *Hugh Beston* the like hath been  
 Let in a Dance before the Queen.  
 Then said Mr. *Leake* I have a president in store,  
 His Father Farted last Sessions before.  
 A Bill must be drawn then quoth Sir *John Bennet*  
 Or a selected Committee quickly to pen it.  
 Why quoth Dr. *Crompton*, no man can draw  
 This Fart within the compass of the Civil-Law:  
 Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law 't may be done,  
 Being a Fart Intayl'd from Father to Son;  
 In'troth quoth Mr. *Brooke*, this speech was no lye,  
 This Fart was one of your *Post Nati*:  
 Quoth *William Paddy* he dare assure 'em  
 Though 'twere *Contra Modestiam*, 'tis not *præternaturam*;  
 Besides by the Aphorisms of my art  
 Had he not been deliver'd h'ad been sick of a Fart.  
 Then quoth the Recorder, the mouth of the City,  
 To have smother'd that Fart had been great pity.  
 It is most certain, quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwisle*,  
 That a round Fart is better than a stinking Fizzle.  
 Have patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*,  
 There's none of us all but may be mistaken:  
 Why right, quoth the great Attorney, I confess  
 The Echo of ones A--is remediless.

*The Geneva Ballad. By the Author of  
Hudibras.*

OF all the *Fashions* in the Town,  
 Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels*,  
 None treads *Religion* upside down,  
 Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,  
 Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,  
 Whose Conscience might be scan'd perhaps  
 By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,  
 Counting his Actions all Divine,  
 Who when the Spirit hints, can roar,  
 And if occasion serves can whine;  
 Nay he can bellow, bray or bark.  
 Was ever *sike a Beuk* learn'd Clerk,  
 That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark.

To draw in Profelytes like Bees,  
 With *pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose,  
 He gives his Hand-kerchief a squeez,  
 And draws *John Calvin* through his Nose,  
 Motive on Motive he obtrudes,  
 With *Slip-stocking Similitudes*,  
 Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,  
 And *Treason* had a fine new name;  
 When *Ibames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,  
 And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;  
 When *Feroboam's* Calves were rear'd,  
 And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,  
 This Gospel Comes first appear'd.

Soon his unhallowed Fingers strip'd  
 His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,  
 And having smote his Master, slip'd  
 His Sword into his Fellows hand,

But

But he that wears his Eyes may note,  
 Ofttimes the Butcher binds a Goat,  
 And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor England felt his Fury then  
 Out-weigh'd Queen Mary's many grains;  
 His very Preaching slew more men,  
 Than Bonner's Faggots, Stakes and Chains.  
 With Dog-Star Zeal and Lungs like Boreas,  
 He fought and taught; and what's notorious,  
 Destroy'd his Lord to make him Glorious.

Yet drew for King and Parliament;  
 As if the Wind could stand North South;  
 Broke Moses's Law with blest intent,  
 Murder'd and then he wip'd his mouth.  
 Oblivion alters not his case,  
 Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace  
 Can blanch an *Ethiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins  
 To rally up the Saints in Swarms,  
 He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins,*  
 But whispers, *Boys stand to your Arms.*  
 Thus he's grown insolently rude,  
 Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,  
 Money, I mean, and Multitude.

Magistrates he regards no more  
 Than St. George or the Kings of Colen;  
 Vowing he'll not conform before  
 The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen.  
 He calls the Bishop, Grey-beard Goff,  
 And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,  
 As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!  
*Hallow my Hearts, beware of R O M E.*  
 Cowards that are afraid to die  
 Thus make domestick Broils at home.

How quietly Great *CHARLES* might reign,  
Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,  
And preach down Popery in *Spain*.

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,  
There's no dissention in the Sky;  
And can there be a Mean betwixt  
Confusion, and Conformity?

A Place divided never thrives:  
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,  
But worse where Children play with Knives.

I would as soon turn back to Mass,  
Or change my phrase to *Thee* and *Thou*;  
Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,  
And his Priests milk me like a Cow;  
As buckle to *Smectymnus* Laws,  
The bad effects o'th' Good Old Cause,  
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *holy Kirk* that nurs'd  
The *Brownists* and the *Rangers* Crew;  
Foul Errors motly Vesture first  
Was coated in a Northern Blue.  
And what's th' Enthusiastick breed,  
Or men of *Knipperdoling's* Greed,  
But Cov'nanters run up to seed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,  
And make boast of their Innocence;  
There cannot be so vile a think,  
But may be colour'd with Pretence.  
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,  
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,  
No Traitor like *Jack*—

*F I N I S.*

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